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Photo *Rentlinger.*

Oh! that I had the power of Burns,
  Or could command great Shakespeare's line,
That I thy charms might celebrate
  In living tributes, justly thine!
But though my verse may puny be,
  Yet why should I lament or pine;
For, had I Burns or Shakespeare been,
  Could I have known thee, Sweetheart mine?

A. P.

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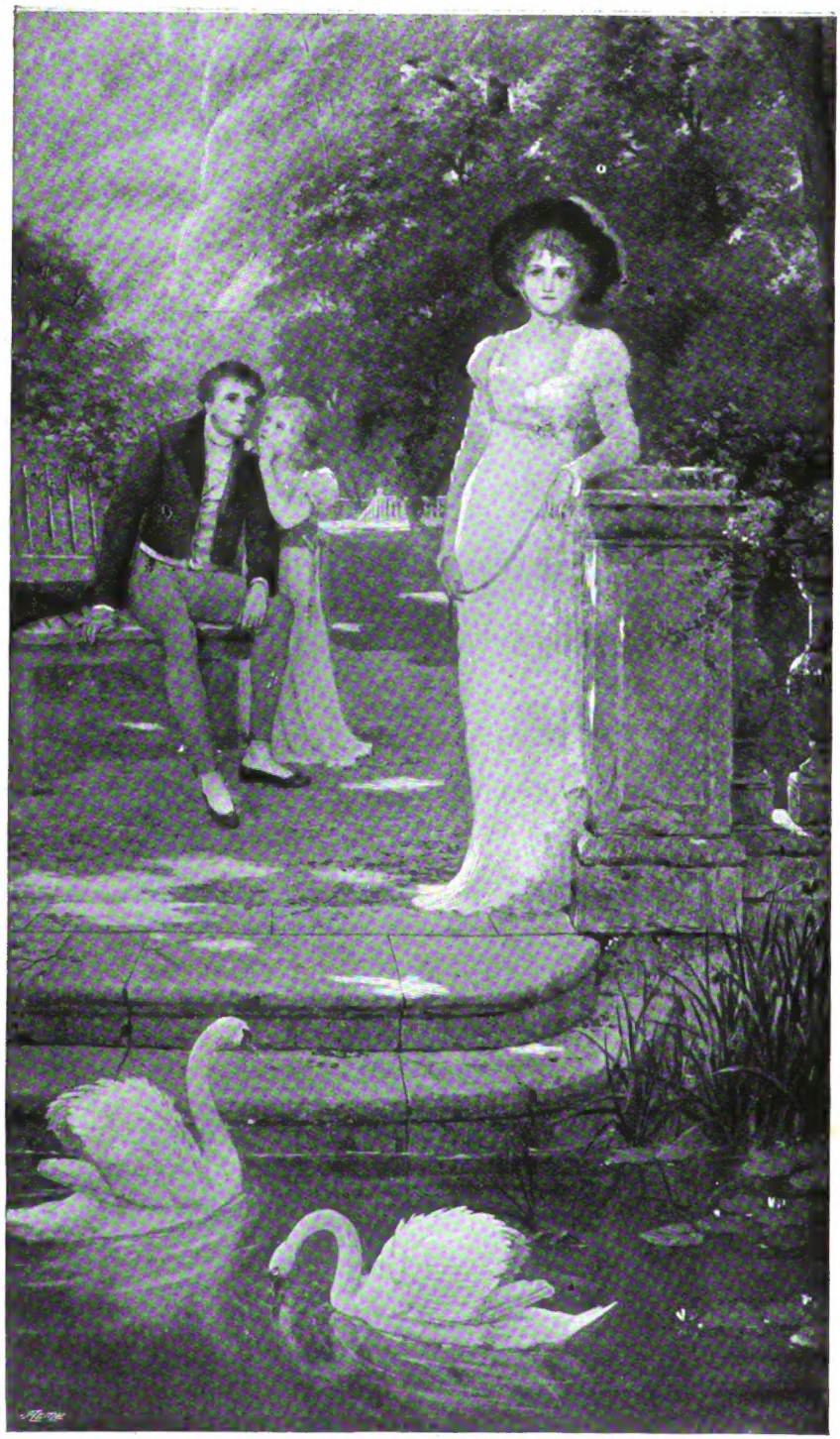

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"SHE LOVES YOU."

From the Painting by Sydney Kendrick.

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SIDE-VIEWS · FROM · THE · STALLS

Thu's'on

JULIA NEILSON.

The Famous Romantic Actress.

When on the stage that owns you Queen,
Supported by a gifted caste,
You bring before our eyes some scene
From out the dim, romantic past.
We feel, as we behold you tossed
On Passion's sea, by anguish torn:
"Oh, what a lot we might have lost
Had we expired ere you were born!"

Ellis & W lery.

KATE CUTLER.

A Delightful Comedienne.

Hair soft as the indolent sighing
Of winds from the slumberous South;
Dark eyes, never wholly belying
The lingering lure of your mouth,
How sweet, where the flowers environ
The nest of the lark and his mate,
To dream of you, beautiful syren—
Ineffable Kate!

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Photo Dover Street Studios.

LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

A Favourite Comedy Actress.

Most sweet Marquise, I kiss your hand—
Would that both hand and heart were mine!
Brighter by far your dear eyes shine
Than any lady's in the land.
I wonder if you understand,
Powdered and patched and dainty-fine?
Most sweet Marquise, I kiss your hand—
Would that both hand and heart were mine!

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♡

BILLIE BURKE.

Who has Left Musical Comedy for Comedy.

If anguished eye, or pleading glance,
Or trembling lip, alone
May serve in direst circumstance
To melt a heart of stone,

♡

Receive undaunted, unafraid,
Life's cup of troubled wine,
Strong in the knowledge, peerless maid,
That all the three are thine.

♡

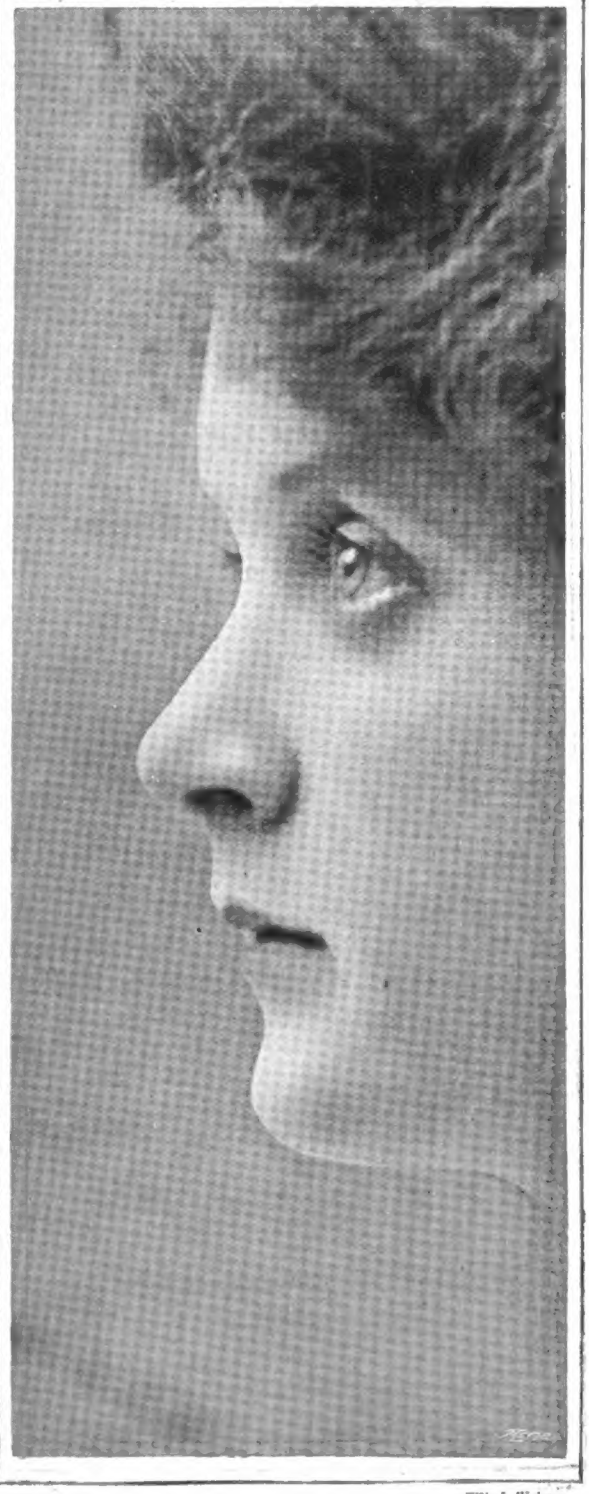

Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

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Dover Street Studios

ALICE CRAWFORD.

An Australian Girl who has Become a Leading Lady.

She came to us voyaging over
The waters that heave and toss
'Twixt the Isle of the Straits of Dover
And the Land of the Southern Cross.

She knows where the gums grow shady,
The bush, and the lone karoo,
This elegant leading lady
From the home of the kangaroo.

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PAULINE CHASE.

Synonymous with 'Peter Pan.'

When we see the classic beauty
Of her sweet and radiant face,
We conceive it but our duty
To direct a rude grimace
At the folk who ask a question
As to "Whom did Pauline Chase?"

♡

Yet though very, very many
Are unquestionably green,
There are none, or hardly any,
But would shudder to demean
Their intelligence by lamely asking:
"Who would Chase Pauline?"

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Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

MARJORIE PINDER.

An Ornament of the Musical Comedy Stage.

Oh, look! But isn't she *rather* shy,
And isn't she *rather* sweet,
As she fixes her dear little downcast eye
On her pretty, invisible feet?
If round the earth you chose to whirl,
From Cork to the China Sea,
You'd never find just such another girl
As Marjorie.

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Photo Ellis & Walery.

GERTIE MILLAR.

Till Recently Leading Lady at the Gaiety Theatre.

Dear to the Guards and dear to the Line,
Dear to the R.H.A.,
Hark to the men who do the fighting,
What do you hear them say?

♡

"*Left, right! Left, right!* Forward, follow the band
(Troops advance by companies, debouching on the Strand;
At the Gaiety, troops salute the leading lady's charms).
***Halt! Attention! Order Arms!—Present Arms!*"**

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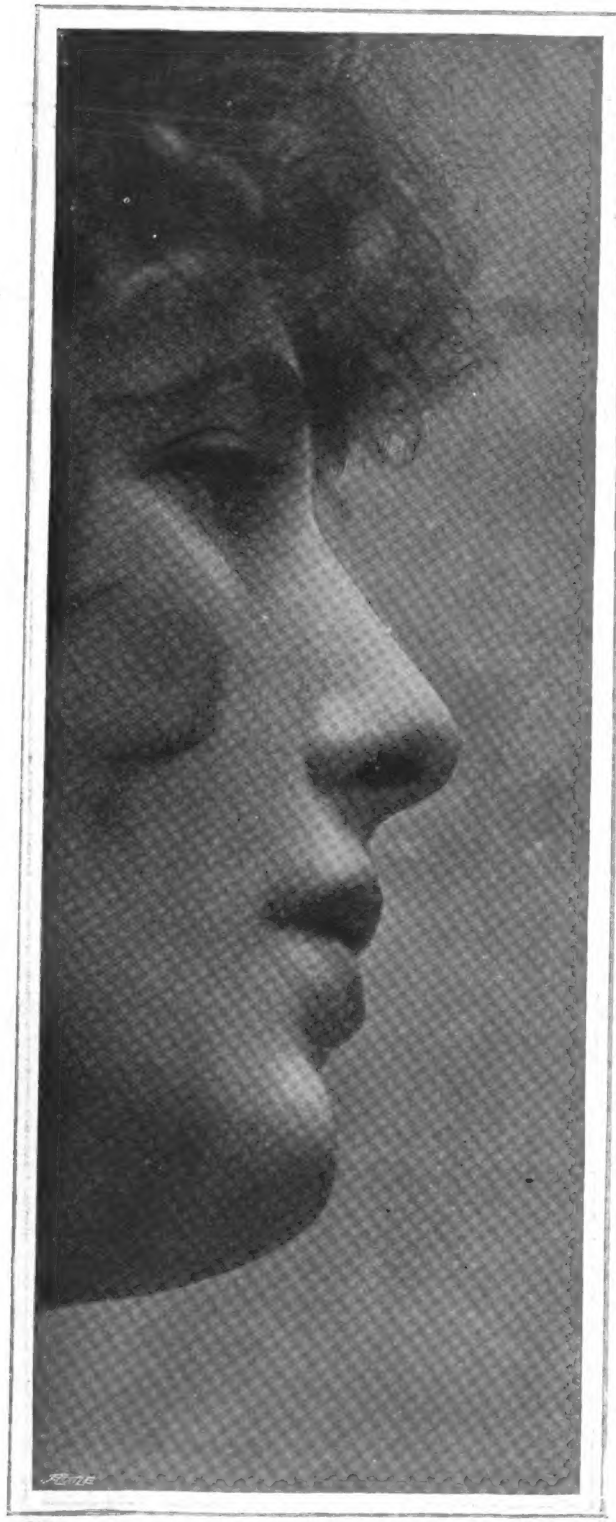

Photo *Dover Street Studios.*

IRIS HOEY.

A Sweet Singer in Musical Comedy.

Oh, happy, happy curl!—to seek
The velvet of thy lady's cheek
And there, upon its softness pressed,
To lie eternally at rest;
Or, when the breeze about thee stirs,
Fearing no stern rebuke of hers,
Gently to kiss a willing face—
Oh, curl, would I were in thy place!

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The Autocrat of Sixty-two

And How She was Deposed.

By Ruby M. Ayres.

They were both young, and romantically in love, and pathetically inexperienced.

Of the two former qualifications they were both aware, but the last imputation—had they heard it—would have aroused their wrathful indignation; for how was it possible for a young man in the proud position of being able to keep a wife, and pay the rent of a stuccoed villa—or for a young woman who knew her own mind sufficiently well to enable her to run away from her father's house and princely surroundings to marry the said young man—to be inexperienced in anything?

Nevertheless the fact remains that they were, and I should assuredly be in a position to know, seeing that I lived next door, and being a retired captain on half pay, had nothing better to do than watch these two children—they were little more—play at housekeeping.

Every morning while I was eating my breakfast, *he* went off down the road immaculately brushed and button-holed, and *she* stood at the gate looking after him with as much concern in her pretty face as if he were starting out to discover the North Pole, and his return were a thing of decidedly uncertain date.

When the last possible glimpse of him had vanished, she would go back to the house, very reluctantly, to give orders to—or perhaps I should say to receive them from—the Autocrat.

The Autocrat was by far the most important person who resided at Number Sixty-two. She ordered the lives, and the spending of the two hundred a year of her master and mistress with alarming capability.

Despite the fact that in the morning she wore cotton dresses and a cap and apron, and in the afternoon the most demure of black dresses, and the most immaculate of frilled aprons, the Autocrat, or as her mistress-by-courtesy called her—"Wilkins," was undoubtedly the mainspring that regulated the clockwork of Sixty-two.

"You know," Violet—the said mistress-by-courtesy informed me in a hushed whisper over the garden wall the day the Autocrat arrived, "it was so awkward—her name is the same as mine—I did not know what to say at first, but she made it all right by saying that she preferred to be called 'Wilkins,' as she was always called when she 'lived with the aristocracy.'" (The last four words were the Autocrat's own.)

And that was how it had been ever since. Wilkins invariably made things all right by arranging them to her own entire satisfaction.

"Dinner won't be till seven to-night, dear," I heard Violet inform her husband one morning.

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"Why?" he demanded.

They always had it at six—I heard the gong ring regularly every evening. The gong—needless to say—being one of the many wedding presents they had had, despite the fact that Violet's wealthy father had cut them off with the proverbial shilling, and his curse, and had not yet forgiven them.

I knew what the answer to that "why" would be.

"Oh, Wilkins thought it would be better to dine later, now the light evenings are coming. She thought we could go for a walk before. It would be nice, wouldn't it?"

Well, what could any man say under the circumstances? At any rate, *this* one said:

"Splendid! Come and meet me at the station." And of course she went.

This is only one instance—there were many others—some amusing, some that made me long to shake the pretty figure of the mistress-by-courtesy, and tell her to show that she meant to be mistress of her own house, even if it only consisted of five rooms and a back yard

And the deference those two silly children showed to the Autocrat!

When she came into the room a sort of constraint seemed to fall upon us—it was most infectious—I caught it myself.

We might be ever so happy and comfortable, but hey, presto!—let the door but open upon the immaculate figure of the Autocrat, and it was as if a frost had fallen on the room.

"You've got a very smart maid, my dear," I remarked to Violet after one such visitation.

Violet tip-toed to the door, and carefully shut it before she answered.

"Yes, she's wonderful—she does everything. I don't have anything to do at all."

I said "Humph!" rather rudely, I'm afraid.

"We are always very careful what we say in front of her, aren't we, dear?" my hostess went on, with an appealing glance at her husband, who sat smoking and looking at his wife—he always did that—looked at his wife, I mean.

"Yes," he agreed.

"You see," said Violet, "she has always lived with such nice families—she was with Lady Denby for six months, she tells me, and once with a duchess—I forget which duchess."

Violet is a dear little girl, but her father made his money out of soap, and it occasionally shows itself in her extreme reverence for the aristocracy—or at least that part of it which has a handle to its name.

"Yes," she went on, "Wilkins is wonderful! I don't know what I should do without her. She tells me so many things I did not know before. She is well worth twenty-five pounds a year, isn't she, dear?"

"Dear" said she was, but I had a firm conviction that he merely said it out of consideration for the little person who asked the question, and not in the least because he approved of the autocracy that went on beneath the roof of his stuccoed villa, or because he considered himself justified in putting the eighth part of his income into the Autocrat's pocket.

Still, they had only been married three months—and the gilt was not off the ginger-bread—which, being translated, means there was probably still some money in the bank.

So the autocracy continued—to all appearances quite smoothly and comfortably—but, because I had nothing to do, or, perhaps, because the little girl next door reminded me of a dear woman whom I had loved and *not* married in my youth—I began to notice worried lines creep into her pretty face, a little pucker between her brows, and, with the wisdom of my sixty odd years, I said to myself "Bills!—Bills!" and I was right.

One day she told me about it.

She began it herself—over the garden wall—when the Autocrat was in the front of the house, cleaning the steps, and turning the neighbours green with envy at the same time.

"Keeping house is awfully hard work," said the little wife with a big sigh. She looked tired and pale.

"I thought the"—I nearly said Autocrat, but stopped in time—"Wilkins did everything," I remarked unfeelingly.

"She doesn't pay the bills," laughing nervously. Then I knew.

"Ah," said I with understanding, "that's where the shoe is bound to pinch. You don't notice how tight it is till you've walked some way in it, and you've been married—how long?"

"Six months," said she.

I considered.

"Cut down expenses," I suggested. "You might have a less expensive"—I had nearly said "servant," but it seemed disrespectful; you see I was under the Autocrat's spell myself. "Get someone cheaper in place of Wilkins," I amended.

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Violet looked positively horrified.

"Oh," she said, "I couldn't possibly tell Wilkins to go," which was the case stated in a nutshell.

I drew my own conclusions.

Violet came nearer the wall.

"It must be rather nice," she submitted wistfully, "to dust one's own drawing-room, and do things like that. Of course, Wilkins does it beautifully; the place is spotless."

It was, too spotless. One hardly liked to throw a match in the grate, and I am sure the master of the house would never have dared throw his slippers across the room, or knock his pipe out anywhere save in the coal-scuttle.

"But sometimes," resumed the mistress-by-courtesy, "I have wished she wasn't quite so good. Yesterday Bernard brought home some shrimps for tea—he *is* so fond of them—and when I asked Wilkins to put them in a dish, she looked positively *disgusted*. She made me feel as if shrimps were horribly low-down things, and as if we were quite common people for liking them."

I laughed.

"I don't see why he can't eat what he likes in his own home," she protested.

"Certainly not," I agreed. "The man who pays the piper has a right to choose the tune."

"The piper doesn't always get paid, I'm afraid," she said with a nervous laugh. "Things are so expensive—do you know how much beef is a pound?"

I pleaded ignorance.

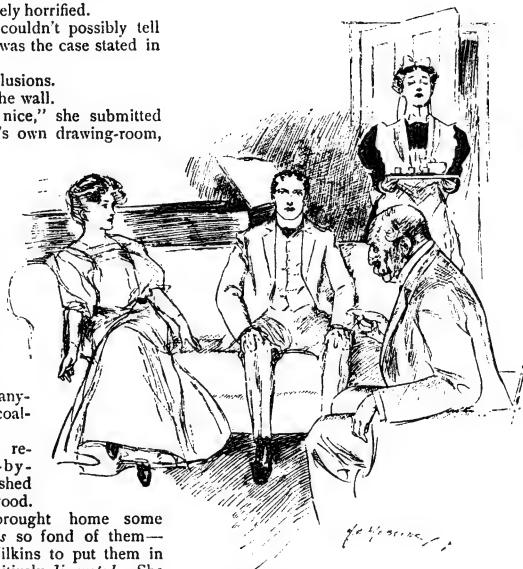
"Neither did I till the bill came in," she told me. "And Wilkins says we must have the best."

"So you find that two hundred a year does not go far?" I commented. "Well, when you consider that Wilkins has twenty-five pounds of it——"

"She's worth it," came hastily. "Bernard says so."

"Bernard would say anything to please you," I told her.

She missed the sarcasm, and looked pleased.



When she came into the room a sort of constraint seemed to fall upon us—it was most infectious—I caught it myself.

"He's the best man in the world," she said, and the butcher's bill was forgotten.

It was all very well, but that butcher's bill worried me.

I thought it over for a day or two, and then one evening—it was the Autocrat's evening out, and Violet was getting supper in the kitchen—I mentioned it to "the best man in the world."

He tried to shelve the question at first, but I reminded him that I was old enough to be his father, and that I had bought my experience, whereas he was only buying his, even though he had been clever enough to get a wife, and I hadn't, and finally he admitted that it was not possible to pay the piper when there is nothing to pay him with.

"It's that infernal Wilkins!" he burst out, after making sure the door was closed. "She's more master of this blessed house than I am, only Violet won't see it. She orders what she likes and does as she pleases.

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If she says we are to have dinner at seven, we do. I believe if she told us to get up in the middle of the night and stand on our heads, Violet would expect me to do it. I'm sick of it!"

Here was truth at last!

"Why not give her the sack, then?" said I. He laughed.

"Violet would be afraid to," he said.

"Do it yourself," I suggested.

He laughed again, rather uneasily.

"I always think servants are best left to the mistress of the house," he said lamely.

"Ah!" said I, and drew my own conclusions.

We smoked silently for some minutes.

"It's absurd," he broke out again presently. "We don't want such a masterpiece in a box of a house like this. Besides, it would just amuse Violet to dust the drawing-room, and make beds, and buns, and—and other things," vaguely.

I suppose a woman would have laughed at this indiscriminate mixture; it sounded rather odd to me.

"It would do her good," I agreed. "I expect she finds the days pretty long; she worries, too," I added deliberately. "And she's getting thin."

He looked round at this.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Sack Wilkins," I retorted.

"D—— Wilkins," said the "best man in the world."

It was all very fine, and he might curse Wilkins with great heartiness in private, but the trouble was that he did not do it in public, or at least in such a way that the Autocrat could infer that her room would be preferable to her company.

But the time went on, and those immaculate cotton dresses and frilled aprons were still the envy of the mistresses of other stuccoed villas down the road, who could not boast an Autocrat of their own; and the despair of the postmen, and policemen, and butcher boys, who would fain have "walked out" with their owner on Sundays and "evenings out."

"Wilkins won't look at them, and they all ask her to go for walks, you know," Violet informed me with a sort of pride, to think that she was privileged to pay the wages of such an original individual.

"I suppose she waiting for King Cophetua," I said acidly.

But whether that was the case or not, while she was waiting the bills were running on, and the worried lines on Violet's bright face had found a deeper reflection in her husband's.

It was an absurd situation. Here were two children—they were both less than four-and-twenty—completely under the thumb of the person who cooked their meals and cleaned their doorsteps, daily getting into worse difficulties, because neither of them dared tell the said person that she must take a month's notice.

"The laundry bill came to half-a-sovereign this week," Violet informed me one morning with a sigh when I looked over the wall, and found her endeavouring, by means of various half-sheets of paper and a blunt pencil, to make twenty shillings go about as far as fifty might be expected to do.

"I'm not surprised," said I, thinking of the Autocrat's aprons.

"She has nine frilled ones," Violet said in an awed whisper, reading my thoughts. "But she always looks nice, quite the best-dressed servant I have ever seen; and she says she has never been used to washing at home. I must leave off wearing white dresses myself to balance things."

That night "the best man in the world" paid me a surprise visit.

He sat in the arm-chair opposite my own, lit his pipe, and let it go out.

After he had wasted nearly a whole box of matches, and strewn the hearth—a thing he would never have dared to do in his own stuccoed villa—he looked up and our eyes met.

"Well?" said I sympathetically.

He brought his fist down on the arm of his chair with a bang.

"It's got to stop," he said. "It's got to stop—To-night." There was an eloquent pause. "We had salmon for dinner," he added tragically.

"Ah!" said I. I had noticed in the market that morning that salmon was three shillings a pound.

"I asked Violet," pursued the boy, his face darkening, "if she knew what it cost. She said no. Wilkins ordered it, and that she thought I should be pleased. We had three other courses; one was quails; and I am getting the princely salary of two hundred a year."

I wanted to laugh, but dared not.

"Well," he pursued, "we've quarrelled. I said it was infernal extravagance. And she cried—oh, hang it! you know how women go on." (I didn't, but that is a detail)—"In less than two seconds she had worked herself up into the belief that I didn't love her.

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that I was sorry I had married her, and—and all the rest of it. Then she went off to bed so that Wilkins should not see her crying, and I came here." He got up, and strode up and down the room. "It's got to stop," he persisted fiercely. "Why on earth should we be ruled by a——" I saw the word "servant" checked on his lips—"by a woman like that?" he ended somewhat lamely. "The other night I wanted to take Smith home. He's quite a decent chap—not a gentleman exactly, and he certainly does drop an "h" occasionally, but quite a decent chap; and Violet objected, because she said she did not want Wilkins to know that he was a friend of mine. She said I could bring him any Thursday, because that was Wilkins' evening out."

He lit another match, held it in his hand till it burnt his fingers, and threw it into the grate.

"And all because Violet's afraid to tell her to go," he went on excitedly. "She says she's never given anyone notice in her life, and she can't do it now. We're up to our eyes in debt. Heaven alone knows what my liabilities really are—*I* don't, and we've not been married a year yet. Why, I'll bet Violet's own father never lived more extravagantly than we do, and he's a millionaire. Violet wants me to let her write and ask him to help us; but I won't. He shut the door in my face when I asked if I might marry her, and I won't take money from the old scoundrel, even if he begged me to. I'll sell every stick I possess, first. I'll be summoned for rent; I'll have a man in possession in the house, and shock Wilkins into giving notice herself; I'll——"

He broke off—our eyes met.

"Shock Wilkins into giving notice?" I echoed deliberately. "Would it be safe to —er assume—that a man in possession *might* have the desired effect?"

"By *Jove!*" said "the best man in the world."

* * * * *

I am afraid it must have been midnight, if not later, before Bernard returned to Sixty-two.

He remarked laughingly, as I saw him off, that he expected he would either be locked out, or that Violet would be waiting for him on the stairs with the poker. I did not think either contingency likely, myself—but I *did* think that—had Violet's husband chosen to speak the truth—he would have admitted that he felt uncommonly like a thief entering a house at midnight, and that he would take off his boots, and slink upstairs in the darkness, uttering devout prayers that no board would creak and betray his presence at such an unholy hour to the eminently respectable Wilkins, thereby disturbing her maiden slumbers.

I laughed as I shut the door after him, and I laughed still more as I went off to seek my own couch, inwardly wondering how long it would be before those bewitching cotton frocks and frilled aprons were but a thing of the past in the memories of our envious neighbours.

It was two days precisely!

The second morning after the episode of the salmon, Violet burst in upon my solitude.

I had been expecting her—otherwise I should have been alarmed at the woe and despair in her pretty face.

"The most awful thing has happened," she said. "I have nobody else to come to for help—Bernard has been gone to the office an hour—and—oh, dear!" She burst into tears.

I felt horribly guilty, but I managed, I hope, to conceal the fact.

"Come, come," I said. "What is the matter? The house isn't on fire, or anything, is it?"

"N—no," she said on the top of a big sob.

"And you've not had a telegram to say that Bernard has been run over?" I pursued, feeling brutal.

"N—no," came again, but in such a voice that I gathered even this awful catastrophe would have been preferable to the one that had fallen on the stuccoed walls of Sixty-two.

"Then what is it?" I inquired. "Not Wilkins?"

Down came the absurd lace and cambric that was doing its best to mop up its owner's tears, and Violet's eyes were raised to my own.

"There's a *man* in the kitchen," she informed me.

Had I been strictly truthful I should have answered: "My dear, I know it—I sent him;" but as it was I said nothing.

And then she told me—told me with many tears—what I already knew—that a man ("a monster," her tone said) had presented himself at the back door, within an hour of Bernard's departure, with a bill, and declined to leave without the money. The bill, it would appear, was for fifteen odd pounds.

"And I've only got fourteen shillings and some coppers in the house," she told me,

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I found Violet sitting on the stairs, staring before her.

while I sat and listened, feeling the greatest brute that ever lived.

"I tried to reason with him," she went on, "and he was positively insulting. I threatened to send for a policeman, and he said that the law was on his side. He could not afford to supply meat to people for nothing. And there was Wilkins listening all the time.

"I shall never forget the disgust on her face. I went out of the kitchen—and oh, dear, oh, dear—she came after me, and gave notice then and there. She said that she had never been in a house where the butcher wasn't paid by the week, and she couldn't 'demean herself'—those were her very words—by staying. She said she would forfeit her wages and go at once. She's packing up now, and that awful man is sitting in the kitchen, and says he won't go till he gets paid, or Bernard comes home.

"*I* can't pay him, and what is worse"—sob—"I don't believe Bernard can. I know we're awfully hard up, and I don't know what we're going to do."

I got up from my chair, and went round to her.

"My dear," I said, "I'm old enough to be your father, and I'm just going to talk to you like one."

She listened—and she remembered what I said—and an hour later I went back with her to Sixty-two, and watched the Autocrat's boxes being hoisted on to a fly.

She tripped down the neat path, over the steps that she would never, never clean again, and got into the fly like a duchess.

I watched from the window—so, I doubt not, did many others in the road.

Then I went into the kitchen, and disposed of the "man in possession."

I found Violet sitting on the stairs, staring before her.

"I shall tell Bernard to bring Mr. Smith to supper to-morrow night," she said.

"You can also," I said drily, "call your soul your own, for a change."

"But I can't pay the butcher's bill," she sighed.

"Oh," I said awkwardly, "that will be all right."

She looked at me sharply—then she got up from the stairs, and kissed me.

"I'll *never* get into debt again," she said.

I don't know whether she did or not—probably not, I should say, seeing that in less than another month the millionaire father relented, made her an allowance that stopped very little short of four figures, and took "the best man in the world" into his soap factory at a salary that was altogether absurd.

I went to see them the other day—of course, they no longer live at Sixty-two—and Violet has exchanged the Autocrat for a whole staff of similar paragons of perfection, but she seems quite happy.

I asked her if she ever dared to dust her own drawing-room, and she laughed, and said that she had as much as she could do to look after "baby"—who, by the way, is another paragon of perfection—aged seven months, and who rejoices in the name of William Montague. I am his godfather—he was named after me.

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THE RIVALS.

When Mr. Jumbo's face was bad
He sent for Dr. Stork:
But Dr. Monk devised a plan
To make the people talk.

While Dr. Stork his patient cured
His rival climbed a tree,
And painted words on Jumbo's back
For everyone to see.

Things frequently turn out like this
In life, I'm much afraid:
How often someone does the work
And someone *else* is paid!

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Animals as Mothers

How Animals Care for Their Young: a Study in Wild Life.

By Marcus Woodward.

Photo A fine lioness and her three cubs. H. Dixon.

The maternal instinct is very strong among wild animals—next to the instinct of self-preservation, the strongest motive that controls their conduct. It is an instinct, some would say, uncomplicated by reason, as with human mothers. The human mother would lay down her life for her child; the animal mother sometimes sacrifices her young to save her own skin, and there are ghastly stories in support of this theory of wild mother rats and others sucking the blood of their young when driven by thirst. But there is much to be said on the other hand as to intelligent mother-love, and one need paint only in bright colours.

The bravery of the wild mothers—here is a noble theme. In all the world there is nothing that a rabbit fears more keenly than its hereditary foe, the stoat. When a stoat is pursuing a rabbit, gaining ground with every loping stride, the rabbit at last is so overcome by terror as to cease running, to crouch motionless, to wait, as though mesmerised, for the leap of death. But a doe rabbit with young will face a stoat, and, in her maternal fury, will often drive off the marauder.

There can be few foes, again, more feared by a mother thrush with eggs in her nest than a rat. I lately heard of a case where a rat was seen to steal along the branch of a tree where there was a thrush's nest, intent on purloining the eggs. The thrush flew at him with such desperate force that not only did she hurl him from the branch, but with her bill ripped him open. He was picked up dead. Such stories of maternal bravery are as the stars in number.

A striking snapshot of a stork feeding its young. These interesting birds live on reptiles, small mammals, young birds, and small fish, but feed their young chiefly with frogs, worms, and insects.

Mercifully, wild animals are mostly apathetic when death comes to their young ones. Probably the mother thrush that attacked the great rat who would steal her eggs would not spare a thought of sorrow or sympathy if one of her unfledged little ones should fall from the nest and be killed. She might hop on its dead body if it formed a convenient ledge; in any case, she would go on tending her

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other chicks as if nothing had happened. But I would not push this apathy theory too far. Who has not been touched to the heart by the melancholy lowing of the mother cow whose calf the butcher had led away? Who that loves cats does not recognise a peculiarly sorrowful mewing heard only when a cat's kittens have been taken from her?

Cats are the most admirable of mothers. Well may doctors uphold them as perfect patterns of motherhood. They watch over their young ones with the utmost vigilance, keep them always clean, feed them with their own good milk, and teach them through play. They do *not* give them gin to drink, or half smother them with unnecessary coverings, or leave them to the care of other cats. All members of the great cat tribe—cats, leopards, panthers, tigers — make admirable mothers.

Pigs, generally speaking, are not pretty; but a fine mother pig with nine or ten youngsters makes a charming picture.

Happy family parties are often seen among wild creatures —but not as a rule. "One grove does not nourish two robins," remarked a wise Roman — implying doubtless the truth that when young robins begin to grow up Cock Robin will drive his hopefuls out of his sight, and out of his favourite grove or garden, with savage pecks, if need be. But birds supply many instances of merry family parties; and travellers paint glowing pictures of monkey families among the tropical tree-tops.

Apes and monkeys are the most devoted of parents, and rove about with their young ones in large and merry family parties.

Photo *Messrs. G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.*

The mother's pouch is the cradle of the baby kangaroo. Here he remains long after he has ceased to be nourished by the maternal milk, and thither he hops if danger should threaten him as he runs about.

Chimpanzees, they say, in Equatorial Africa, build for their families a kind of nest, high up in the trees; and at night the lord of the family sits below on guard, in the nest's shelter. The chimpanzee is quite capable of killing a leopard; but he eats no flesh, living on wild fruits, with bananas as his special dainty. The young of apes, when they have finished with

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their mother's milk, are brought up strictly as fruitarians. Sometimes, by the way, mother chimpanzee brings forth twins.

Gorillas live habitually in small families, the parents going about with young ones of various ages in their train. They, too, travellers say, make nests in their gloomy forest haunts, bending down boughs for the purpose, and covering them with moss and twigs. In the nest the mother and her young ones sleep soundly, while the male remains in a watchful sitting posture through the night, on guard against prowling leopards. Unlike most animals, the apes sleep by night and roam by day; and since gorillas must travel far in search of food, the sleeping place is changed every three or four nights.

Orang-outangs, too, go about, in Borneo, in small family parties in search of fruit and juicy bamboo buds, and they have the sense to make their nests ten or twenty feet from the ground in small trees sheltered by larger ones. The young of orang-outangs are more helpless than any of those of the lower orders of monkeys; are still unsteady on their hands and feet when a month old, and cry loudly if deserted by their parents. But they begin to cut their teeth at the age of a month.

A long-limbed, frisky foal with its proud mother always makes a delightful picture in the meadows in summer.

A new-born calf—almost as dainty in form as a deer.

Photos Charles Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

Lambs, like most young wild animals, delight in play, and sometimes seem to indulge in regular games of leaping and follow-my-leader.

Mother apes and monkeys are very proud of their babies, and delight in showing them off in quite human fashion. An observer of the Barbary apes that haunt the rocks of Gibraltar describes his amusement in watching two grown females, each with young, who would sit down together on a path chattering like two old women, and examining and comparing each other's babies with the utmost interest. The male ape would sit beside them, and join in the chorus of admiration at the youngsters' fine limbs; and throughout one summer he was to be seen carrying one or other of the babies.

Many wild creatures carry their young ones—even birds—on their backs when swimming, or under their wings. Under one of her wings, or pressed tightly between her thighs, mother woodcock carries her young; and bats, most aerial of all creatures, fly with their babies clinging tightly to their bodies. So bats feed on the wing,

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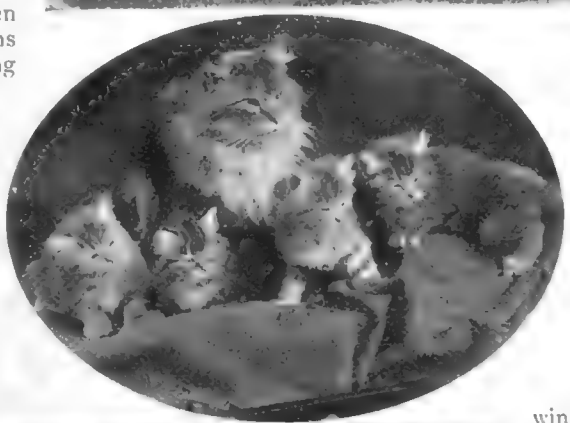
drink on the wing, and take their families for airings a-wing.

An interesting bat story is told by Mr. W. H. Hudson, author of "A Naturalist in La Plata." He describes how he caught a female bat in those parts, to whose breasts two young ones were attached. When separated they could not fly, but fluttered helplessly to the ground. In this case the weight of the young would not be so great as in the case of an opossum—when seven or eight little opossums may be seen clinging to the back and tail of the mother—but an opossum has only to climb, and can use its claws, teeth, and prehensile tail to aid it, whereas a bat has to seek its living on the wing, and to fly as swiftly as a swallow.

A beautiful collie with a fine litter of pups.

Few animal mothers are more devoted to their offspring than cats.



"It seemed wonderful to me," said Mr. Hudson, "that she should have been able to carry about that great burden with her on one pair of wings, and withal be active enough to supply herself and young with food."

The pair of young bats proved that when thrown on the world they could take care of themselves. They were placed by their finder amid the foliage of a small acacia tree, up which they promptly began to climb with mouths and wings, presently hooking themselves on to a twig, and assuming an inverted position, side by side, in order to sleep. In the evening the mother bat discovered them, and in a

Photo Charles Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

Young rabbits generally are born in "stops," or special holes apart from the rabbit warren.

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Photo, Charles Reid, Wisbaw, N.B

A happy duck family.

few minutes was away again and over the trees with her twins. The young bats must have lived more or less as parasites until the time of their capture, yet they proved by their behaviour that all their wits were about them.

Photo *H. Dixon.*

Young deer—the prettiest of all baby animals.

Photo *Lewis Medland, F.Z.S.*

A lesson in locomotion.

In the case of most animals born in a helpless state, instincts of self-preservation are acquired but gradually.

Many young wild creatures no doubt are taught a great deal directly by their mothers. Thus, mother otter teaches her young ones to swim. If ever you are lucky enough some witching twilight time to see mother otter at play with her cubs, and teaching them the lessons of their lives, you will thank your stars for one of the most beautiful sights in the world.

The first swimming lesson must be an uncanny experience to a cub otter. The mother takes him from his couch by the neck and drops him into the water, then dives after him, watching him as he splutters and hisses; then perhaps darts beneath him and gives him a friendly uplift, that throws him clear of water safely on to land or rock. The lesson is repeated; and when the cub begins to grow brave in water, the mother will play follow-my-leader with him, and encourage him with shrill whistles to pursue her lithe body as it darts hither and thither.

So mother fox teaches her cubs through play. Fox cubs are born, as a rule, towards the end of March, and April is not far gone before the soil outside their earth is

A baby hippo—an infant that takes a lot of feeding! It is not pretty, but in its mother's eyes altogether delightful.

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trodden down and polished by their gambollings. The vixen plays with them, teaching them to leap and fight, and doubtless implanting no small amount of worldly wisdom in their innocent minds.

The best of mothers, she forages far and wide for the sake of her little ones: and when they are about five weeks old, she and they devour incredible quantities of young rabbits, rats, mice, frogs, pheasants, partridges, hares, chickens, and other birds. With so cunning a hunter as their mother to provide for them, fox cubs are not likely to go short of food. She will bring far more food to the lair than can be consumed; in this proving herself to be a poor housewife, for the result is that the home becomes extremely unhealthy.

Vixens will not tolerate human visitors. If you were to come upon a vixen's earth, and were to go away to procure a spade with the idea of digging out a cub and making him captive, probably when you came back you would find the home deserted. The vixen would have carried her cubs away, one by one, by the scruff of their necks, to another place of refuge, previously prepared. Your object might be achieved, however, if, on first leaving the earth, you were to place a coat, as it were, on guard at the entrance. This would be enough to restrain the vixen from attempting a family removal.

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A captive elephant with her little one.

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Baby ostriches—hatched by sun power.

When cubs are born, young and succulent rabbits—who will become their favourite food—are most plentiful. Mother rabbit usually makes her nest for her young ones in a hole apart from the warren, and distant also from fox and stoat-haunted hedges. Her "stop" takes the form of a scooped-out retreat beneath the earth, a yard or so in length; and the little ones are born in a snug nest of the mother rabbit's own fur. When she leaves the hole to feed, she is careful to cover the entrance with loose soil. A fox, nevertheless, has no difficulty in scenting out the nestful of little rabbits.

Rabbits are born naked and helpless; but the young of hares are born with fur on their bodies, and can see and hear. The mother deposits her young ones in separate forms or seats in the grass, and visits them periodically. How she remembers or discovers the whereabouts of her scattered offspring is a subject for interesting speculation. Doubtless her powers of scent are chiefly responsible.

Among domestic animals, cases of kindly mothers adopting lonely orphans are often recorded. At the Zoological Gardens I lately heard of a cat who fostered at the same time a Manx kitten and three young squirrels.

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Mother Camel, with her long-legged son.

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THE GREY WOLF

The Story of Its Vengeance.

By J. L. Hornibrook.

The two men, Secord and the French Canadian, crouched over the sputtering log fire, their huddled figures silhouetted darkly against the leaping flames. Around them was the blackness of the wood country, the primitive Canadian forest-land, which extends from Fort Texel into the Northern Territory.

The flicker of the fire shone ruddily upon their hard, strong faces. Both were men of grit and daring, accustomed to walk in the midst of danger and to deal promptly with it when it crossed their path. This present expedition of theirs, however, was more in the nature of a personal adventure; at least, as far as Philip Secord was concerned. There was a touch of romance in it, too, for it had come about, oddly enough, through a woman's whim.

Down at Fort Texel there had been much talk lately of the Lone Grey Wolf that howled and roamed about a certain patch of the Northern Territory. It was described as a great, gaunt, solitary creature, with years of cunning and craftiness behind it. Gins and traps had been set for it in vain. It avoided them with almost human understanding. Hunted, it always escaped; nor had anyone yet succeeded in tracking it to its lair.

It appeared and disappeared, too, in such a mysterious way that superstition was added to its other terrors. Those terrors were real enough, for it had devastated many a lonely dwelling in the Northern Territory. People trembled by their firesides at night-time when its long, melancholy howl was borne down to them on the wind, and whispered, as though speaking of an evil spirit, "The Grey Wolf!"

Stories of the Lone Grey Wolf—many of them fabulous, no doubt—had dribbled through to Fort Texel. There was a young Englishman staying there, a Captain Standing, who was big-game shooting in Canada, and the subject of the Grey Wolf cropped up one night at the Governor's house when he and Secord were present. The latter was a Canadian by birth, who had done some good shooting in his time, both in his native land and in the Western States of America.

The two young men—they were each on the right side of thirty—though they hailed from different countries, and were widely dissimilar in almost every respect, had one thing in common—they had both fallen victims to the charms of Ethne O'Connor, the Governor's daughter. With Secord it was an old-standing affair, though he had kept it pretty much to himself, for he was somewhat reserved and silent by custom. The Englishman, on the other hand, was neither

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backward nor bashful. When he appeared on the scene he took up the running briskly and "made the pace."

Ethne, who looked daintily pretty in her Canadian furs, went about with each in turn. Merry-mooded and mischief-loving, she played one against the other. Now it was the English captain she favoured; now, when Philip Secord sat more than usually glum and silent, she rallied him with the freedom of an old friend, and in five minutes had him in a smiling humour again.

Thus it stood on the night when the subject of the Lone Grey Wolf was mentioned. Secord and Standing, both being hunters, were alike interested. Many stories of the wolf went round; stories of its gaunt fierceness, its great age, and its marvellous escapes.

"Trappers' talk, I should say," remarked Captain O'Connor, the Governor. "If there is such a creature it ought to be easy enough to bring it down; that is, supposing anyone got within fair sight of it."

"I should love to have the skin," chimed in Ethne.

The Englishman and the Canadian both pricked up their ears.

"Would you really?" asked Standing.

"Dearly. It would be something to prize, you know; something that was procured by an adventurous journey, like the journeys of the knights of old."

Standing laughed; for his turn was in, and she favoured him most that evening.

"I crave the honour of being your knight in this instance," he said. "I will go forth in quest of His Grey Highness, and lay the skin at your feet as a trophy."

Secord said nothing. He knew more of the Lone Grey Wolf than anyone present, for he had picked up many stories about it from trappers and others; and he knew also the dangers which would beset the path of the hunter who set out in search of it. But when Ethne's eyes dwelt upon him mischievously for a moment, as if challenging him to enter for the trophy, he responded quickly enough.

"If two are allowed to go forth," he said, "I'll make the second. I only wish to stipulate that the prize must be captured single-handed, though each man may be allowed a guide or attendant."

"Right," said Captain Standing. "I agree to the conditions, and the rivalry will make the sport all the more keen. When do you start, Secord?"

"In the morning," replied the Canadian briefly. "It's a good three days' journey to the haunts of the Grey Wolf."

So the matter was arranged. It was not only rivalry in sport, however, but rivalry for the smiles of the fair Ethne O'Connor, and both men knew it. Each determined to secure the prize and lay it triumphantly at her feet on his return; but there was too much of the sportsman in each to take any unfair advantage of the other. The odds lay with Secord, who was acquainted with the wild Northern Territory. The Englishman, on the other hand, was a hardy and daring hunter, as had been proved by his bag of big-game, and had settled in his own mind to win the trophy.

The next morning saw them both set out from Fort Texel in search of the Lone Grey Wolf. Secord had chosen Pierre Lemoine, the French Canadian, for his attendant; Standing had secured one Saltau, a half-caste, who was supposed to have as keen a nose for big-game as a hound. In the question of followers they were pretty evenly matched.

The two parties diverged as they struck the wood country, for this had been agreed upon beforehand. Each was to take a separate route. But in the windings and twisting of the forest tracks they came together more than once, when the Englishman sportively offered to back himself as winner of the trophy.

"I'll beat you, Secord, for all your knowledge," he said. "I'll be first in the field, see if I won't."

"Perhaps," replied the Canadian laconically.

They had parted finally with these words, each following a different track. It was now the evening of the second day, and the two parties had not encountered each other since noon.

"Wonder what's become of the other pair?" Secord said to his companion, as they sat together over their log fire.

"Don't know, sar," replied the French Canadian, who, like most trappers and hunters, was a man of few words. "Left 'em behind, I s'pose."

"We are now two days out," ruminated Secord. "To-morrow ought to bring us to the Barren Land, as it is called, north of the Wood Country here. It is there we have to look."

Lemoine's answer was something like a grunt, not altogether expressive of satisfaction. He sat pondering by the fire, his black eyes fixed in thought.

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"Look," he said, pointing towards a mound that rose in front of them. "The Wolf! The Grey Wolf!"

"Mr. Secord, sar," he said presently.

"Well?"

"You kill this Grey Wolf if you find him?"

"Why, of course. That's what we're here for; at least, I am. The killing must be left to me."

"Don't do it, sar."

Secord straightened himself in his surprise, for there was a note of singular earnestness in the other's voice.

"Not kill the brute!" he said. "Why, he has killed half-a-score of people himself. It will be a mercy to have him wiped out."

"I know," replied Lemoine, nodding his head mysteriously. "That's not it, sar. This Grey Wolf, they say, has a human spirit in him; a spirit that must haunt the Barren Land. That's why he always 'scapes. If you kill him, the spirit may haunt you instead."

Secord laughed. He was familiar with these legends of the French Canadians, woven out of their superstitious imagination. Half the terror, indeed, inspired by the Grey Wolf, was due to such stories, as he well knew.

Lemoine was not to be shaken in his belief, however. He persisted in saying "there'd be trouble" if the Grey Wolf were attacked. Trouble always came to those who sought its life. Once a father and son hunted and wounded it, and then fought fiercely between themselves, each accusing the other of having bungled and allowed it to escape. That was the Grey Wolf's vengeance.

Secord listened dreamily to this and other tales, some shadowy thought passing through his mind, perhaps, on the score of the Englishman and himself. He wondered if anything of the kind were likely to occur in their case. Pshaw! They might be rivals, but they were open and fair rivals. There was little chance of their clashing on this expedition, or anywhere else, for that matter.

The following day at noon Secord and the French Canadian cleared the Wood Country and struck out across the Barren Land in quest of the Grey Wolf. Barren Land it verily was; a hungry wilderness, rising here and there into mounds and hillocks dotted with stunted shrubs, and swept by icy blasts from the north. Here, in this desolation, the Lone Grey Wolf roamed; here its melancholy howl was heard at night-time.

All day long they pushed forward in the teeth of the cutting blast, which seemed to be laden with stinging particles of ice. They saw nothing of the rival party. Even if Standing and his guide had reached this bleak hunting-ground, they might well be hidden from sight among its ridges and hillocks.

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Late in the afternoon Secord climbed one of these hillocks, from the summit of which his eyes swept the desolation all round. Nothing moved in the near or far distance. Not a living creature was in sight. The cold north wind swept over the dreary waste without ruffling fur or feather, as far as could be seen.

"It's getting late," he said, as he rejoined his companion. "We'll have to put it off till to-morrow. We'll just do another mile or two, and then camp for the night."

They pushed on, with heads bent to the wintry blast. Dusk filtered down upon them, tinging the air with that peculiar greyness to be seen in northern latitudes.

Of a sudden Lemoine halted dead in his tracks with a low cry, and laid a detaining hand on Secord's arm.

"Look!" he said, pointing towards a mound that rose in front of them. "The Wolf! The Grey Wolf!"

Secord's head went up sharply; and there, bristling on top of the mound, its forelegs planted on the rocky summit, its haunches dipping into the slope beyond, he saw the Lone Grey Wolf. It was a huge, gaunt, savage-looking creature, presenting an almost spectral aspect in the cold, shadowy light. The sweep of the north wind ruffled its shaggy coat, which had fallen away in patches owing to age. As though conscious of an approaching death-struggle, it threw up its head and howled—a long, fierce howl, a note of challenge and defiance.

The hunter's blood in the Canadian throbbed. It was a glorious chance. Quickly he slipped his rifle round, raised it, and fired. But his was not the only shot. At the same moment, simultaneously almost, another report rang out from somewhere on the off side of the mound. The Grey Wolf sprang upwards, twisted itself round in mid-air, touched the earth again—and vanished.

Secord dashed forward in pursuit. If he had heard the second shot he paid little heed to it. He was sure he had brought his quarry down, that it was lying wounded somewhere on the top of the mound, and he had only to finish it at close quarters.

He dashed up the mound. But as he reached the top he almost crashed into a man who had rushed up from the opposite side. It was Standing.

"It's mine!" shouted the Englishman.

"Nothing of the kind."

"I say it is."

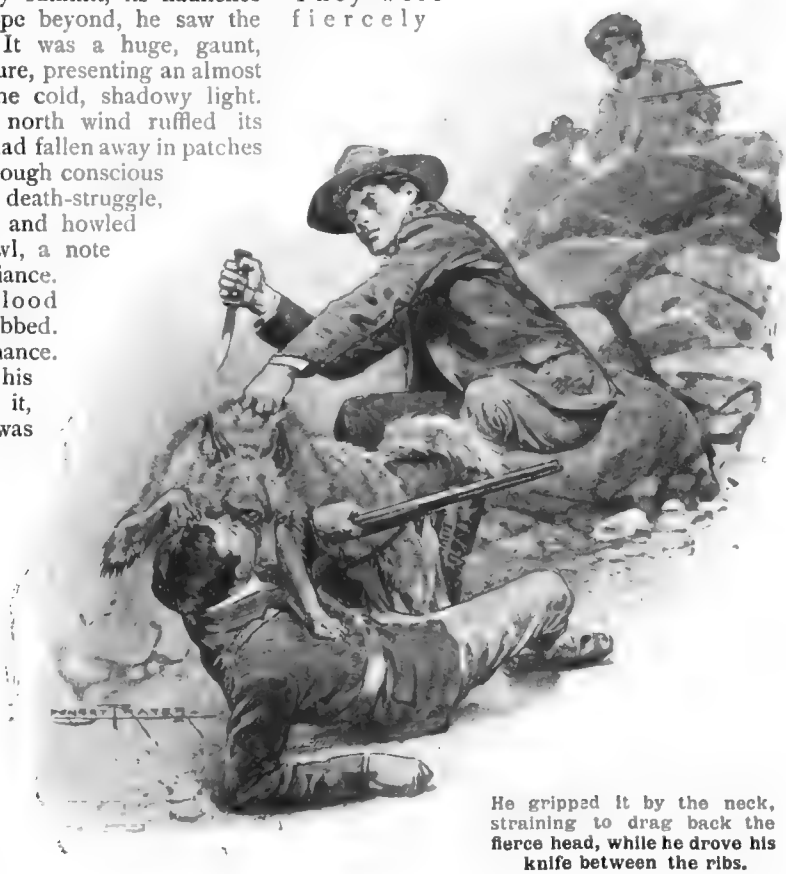
"I say it is not. I fired first."

"I don't care. We sighted it first. We have been on its track all day. I'm not going to be robbed by anybody."

"Robbed!"

"Ay, robbed."

The hot words flew between them as they stood and glared at each other. Neither had a notion of giving way. They were fiercely



He gripped it by the neck, straining to drag back the fierce head, while he drove his knife between the ribs.

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determined, both of them, to maintain their right.

To which of the two was due what followed it is difficult to say. Standing may have endeavoured to hustle the Canadian aside; or Secord, in the heat of the moment, may have made an aggressive movement. It matters little which was to blame; but in an instant, blinded by their jealous fury, they were at each other's throats.

Standing's heel caught in a stone as they swayed on the rocky summit, and he fell heavily backwards. Down on him like a flash, springing out from a pile of rocks close by, came the Grey Wolf. It tore at the helpless man, it worried him savagely, it fastened its fangs in the arm which he raised to defend himself and cracked the bone. Then it went for the throat.

It came upon them so suddenly that for an instant Secord seemed turned to stone. Then, with a shout, he drew his knife and made for the brute. He gripped it by the neck, straining to drag back the fierce head, while he drove his knife between the ribs. Not until he had struck twice did the Grey Wolf turn to rend him. He, too, went down; the wolf, with blood-dripping fangs, on top.

Lemoine and the half-caste had almost reached the summit by this time. By common instinct, perceiving the terrible danger, both paused and fired. The Grey Wolf rolled over, snapping at the empty air with its savage jaws. But Secord did not rise. Instead, he stretched his long limbs in a convulsive shudder and lay still. One of the shots, whether that fired by Lemoine or the half-caste it is impossible to say, had told on him.

* * * * *

Neither Standing nor Secord returned to Fort Texel and to Ethne O'Connor. They lie side by side in a lonely grave in the Northern Territory.

"It was the Grey Wolf's vengeance," Lemoine said, when he appeared at last and told her the story.

£300 for Art Students.

Many readers of THE ROYAL must be studying Art at one or other of the many Art Schools in this country; a still larger number must be acquainted with many Art Students; and to all such these words are addressed.

The Editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE has just announced that he is offering **63** *Money Prizes of the aggregate value of* **£300**, *in a series of Competitions specially designed to give the young student of Art a chance of proving his worth and of testing his ability against that of his fellows. The competition covers a wide range of work, and every Art Student, no matter what his speciality, will find that he has been specially catered for.*

The conditions of the competition are perfectly clear and simple. No entrance fee of any sort is required, and the adjudication of the attempts has been undertaken by the Hon. John Collier — a fact that cannot fail to give as much satisfaction to competitors as to the organisers of the competition.

Here are a few of the sections into which the competition is divided, with the amount to be awarded as prizes in the various sections:

Landscape Paintings -	**£40.**	*Figure Paintings* -	**£40.**
Verse Illustration -	**£20.**	*Story Illustration* -	**£20.**
Poster Designs - -	**£50.**	*Still Life Paintings* -	**£20.**
Model Drawings -	**£20.**	*Freehand Drawings* -	**£15.**
Etc.		*Etc.*	*Etc.*

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Wink expressive of absolute and complete understanding, probably winked in answer to an interrogative wink.

WINKS

A Study in the Art of Hinting with the Eye-lid.

By M. Tindal.

A bishop, the other day, told a story at a tea-party about a touring curate who had paid a visit to a famous cathedral. He was informed by the verger that the cathedral was always kept open.

"Very right and proper," said the curate: "and I have no doubt," he went on, "that many people are glad to avail themselves of the opportunity for quiet rest and meditation."

"Oh, ay," replied the verger. "Lor' bless you, sir, it was only yesternight that I catched some of 'em at it!"

Now the bishop who told this story, when he came to the point, winked. It was the merest flicker of an eye-lid; but it said as clearly as possible: "Here is the point of the story; you see what the old verger meant; you understand he was thinking of the young men and women who used the cathedral for spooning purposes. I wink here, just as the verger winked at the curate. Now is the time for you to laugh!"

All this was expressed by the wink, if not more; and everybody understood and everybody laughed.

But some of those who laughed were shocked—not by the bishop's story, but by the bishop's wink. And, afterwards, when the bishop had departed, the subject of winking was thoroughly discussed. One party held that a wink was a vulgar device, was sly, was out of fashion, was out of harmony with the delicacy of the age, and, take it all round, reprehensible. Another party lamented the decay of the wink, and urged that a good story without a wink was like fish without sauce, in that it lacked flavour. And the discussion on the merits and demerits of winking waxed hot and strong.

Involuntary wink, caused by the presence of some foreign body in the eye.

Which party was right? Should winking be reprehended—or commended? It is a pretty question; and, while I hold no brief either for winkers or anti-winkers, I think I can show that a good deal is to be said for the old-fashioned habit of winking.

To begin with, I will point out that the act of winking invariably gives a humorous expression to the winker's face. This alone, I think, serves as a justification for a wink. Everyone will grant that a good story is a blessed thing. Now, a good story demands not only humour in itself, but humour in the teller's voice, and also in the expression of his face. If humour of expression is to be gained by a wink, is not a wink an admirable institution?

A glance at the illustrations which accompany this article will confirm the point that winking means a humorous look. You will

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Wink signalling to a third person the approach from the right flank of a young and attractive member of the fair sex.

see that every study of a winker is a comical thing to behold.

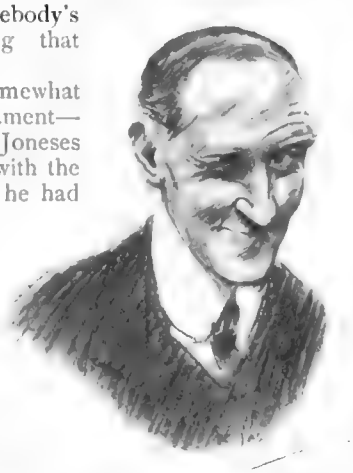
Another good point in favour of the wink is this: A wink, artfully delivered, may, by itself be the making of a joke. For example: In the days of the South African war, a soldier, invalided home from Ladysmith, was asked by his dinner-partner: "I suppose you lived on horseback when you were in South Africa?" Now the soldier, as everyone knew except his questioner, often enough had been glad to eat any kind of a substitute for beef and mutton when in Ladysmith. So when he replied "Yes" to the question, and accompanied the single word with a big wink, his wink spoke volumes, and the table roared. It was the wink that brought the laugh.

Again, there is this to be said for winking: A judicious wink sometimes allows a man to make a good joke at somebody's expense without hurting that somebody's feelings.

A studiously polite, if somewhat foolish member of Parliament—one of the Parliamentary Joneses—was suddenly smitten with the idea that unintentionally he had been impertinent in a question which he had put to a Minister. He conceived it his duty to apologise. But when he arose to withdraw the expressions he had used, the Minister, hardened as he was to rude questions, looked so frankly amazed that the House laughed at Jones and his unnecessary politeness. Jones sat down, and remarked to his friends around him: "I seem to have made a fearful fool of myself." "Oh," said one of his friends, "never mind that; I don't see that you could have done anything else!" Saying which he winked, but not so that Jones could see the wink; and his wink emphasised a joke which was much appreciated, while the words brought genuine comfort to the heart of Jones.

Wink employed on the stage by villain to indicate prospective undoing of the hero.

But in spite of all that can be said in favour of winking, there is no doubt that the art is a dying one. Like the art of drinking three bottles of port at a sitting, winking is going out of fashion—in the best circles. However, there are still some staunch upholders of the wink, and highest amongst them are 'bus-drivers.



Wink of the head waiter when recommending a particularly attractive brand of wine.

I have noticed that 'bus-drivers seldom regale their outside front-seat passengers with a good story or a good joke without an accompanying wink. The reason, I suppose, is that they tell their stories under difficulties; they have their horses to attend to, and they have to look where they are going. So, when they do arrive at the point of a story, they turn their heads and wink emphatically, so that there can be no mistake about it.

I was on a 'bus recently which was blocked in the traffic, and my driver and I were mutually

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amused by the nervous way in which two pretty girls passed close in front of the horses' heads. "Oh, ladies," called out the driver, "don't be afraid. My horses are strict wegetarians!" and the wink with which he accompanied the word "wegetarians" was quite irresistible.

There is no doubt that a good-looking 'bus-driver has the power to attract pretty girls to the front outside seats. I have often noticed the pleased and proud expression on a 'bus-driver's face when the seat behind him is occupied by some particularly charming creature. And over and over again I have seen a 'bus-driver, thus honoured by beauty, wink his eye and jerk his head backwards when passing other 'bus-drivers! The pretty girl on the front seat seldom realises, perhaps, the extent of the winking her presence provokes.

Wink drawing attention to a passing lady. Notice the haughty scorn of the lady.

Among the few survivors of the old-fashioned school of merry winkers is a certain old bookseller of Edinburgh, far-famed for his wit. All day long he cracks his jokes while he is serving his customers, and every joke means a wink. It was he who, when a lady came into his shop and demanded a book suitable for a boy of ten—a book that must contain no wild flights of fancy, no "blood and thunder," no exaggerations, and nothing but sober sense and irrefutable truth — it was he who offered the lady, with a bow and a wink, the first book of Euclid. And it was he who, when a customer demanded a copy of "How to be Happy though Married," offered as an excellent substitute, with a prodigious wink, "The Art of Jiu-Jitsu."

Wink perpetrated by street hawker on selling sixpenny worth of fruit for 1s. 9d.

At least one type of winker will survive, if all others are doomed to extinction with the progress of civilisation—I mean the school-boy winker. All your school-boy's best jokes are made to the accompaniment of winks, or at least of some sort of facial contortion representing a wink.

I remember hearing a school-boy put this riddle to a very stately old general: "I say, sir," he said, "do you know the difference between a sardine and a porcupine?" "No, my dear boy," said the general. "Well, I must say," said the boy—and here he gave a wink of a hundred eye-lid power—"*you'd* be a smart chap to send for a tin of sardines!"

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THE SCARLET NECKTIE

by C. LANGTON CLARKE.

In which a Wife Lands her Husband in Hot Water and his Friend Thrusts him Completely Under.

I.

MRS. SCALES, with a mountain of cardboard boxes in front of her, and a pessimistic counter-jumper regarding her gloomily across them, held up a necktie of a particularly vivid colouring, the while she regarded it critically with her head on one side.

"Do you know, I rather like that one," she said to her friend, Mrs. Forrester, who had accompanied her to select a present for Mr. Scales.

The tie was of a brilliant scarlet, with a tracery of green, and liberally sprinkled with large blue forget-me-nots.

"Not for Mr. Scales, surely!" expostulated Mrs. Forrester, in accents of astonishment.

"Why not?" demanded Mrs. Scales defiantly.

"Because," said Mrs. Forrester, "Mr. Scales' tastes always seemed to me to run to neutral tints; I never saw him wear anything more pronounced than slate colour."

"That's where he makes such a mistake," retorted Mrs. Scales petulantly. "He always looks as dingy as a sparrow. I have been at him ever so long to get a check suit, but he won't. Now, if I bought him this tie, he would simply have to get something a little more striking to go with it."

"He would, if he wore it," assented Mrs. Forrester.

Mrs. Scales' lips tightened, and her eyebrows drew together.

"If I buy this tie for Mr. Scales," she said simply, "he will wear it."

The shop-assistant, who had been listening languidly to the conversation, thought it time to put in a word of encouragement.

"It's a very handsome tie," he remarked.

"And it's not loud, is it?" queried Mrs. Scales. "The colours blend beautifully, and I ought to know something about colour, because I took a course of art lessons once. The teacher said I had a wonderful eye for it."

"Loud?" cried the shop-assistant. "Not at all. There's lots of gentlemen wear far louder ties than that."

"They must wear something over them," commented Mrs. Forrester. "I never saw them."

The shop-assistant greeted this remark with a smile of tolerant contempt.

"The fact of the matter is," he said in tones of confidence, "that tie has a sort of history, madam. It is one from a special design made for King Edward."

"There!" cried Mrs. Scales, turning triumphantly to her friend. "What have you got to say now? I should think if the King can wear them Mr. Scales can."

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"Perhaps the King bought them as presents for some of his servants," suggested Mrs. Forrester aggravatingly.

Mrs. Scales tossed her head, and sniffed aggressively. She was in the main a good-tempered and reasonable woman, but direct opposition invariably confirmed her in her own view of a subject, and rendered her deaf to all arguments.

"I'm going to take it, in any case," she declared. "I think I can trust my own taste."

A faint smile on Mrs. Forrester's lips still further strengthened her determination, and she threw the tie over to the assistant with a brusque query regarding the price.

"Five shillings, madam," replied the shop-assistant, who believed in making the most of an opportunity, and was aware that Mrs. Scales had irrevocably committed herself.

"Five shillings!" repeated Mrs. Scales. "Why, these others are half-a-crown."

The shop-assistant explained patiently that this particular tie must not be regarded as at all in the same class with the rest, and Mrs. Scales handed over the money with a very ill grace.

"I believe he cheated me," she said to Mrs. Forrester in an aggrieved tone as they left the shop.

"I'm quite sure he did," replied her companion cheerfully.

"Then I think you might have said so at the time," responded Mrs. Scales. "No business of yours? Of—of course, if you look at it in that way. No, thanks—I don't want any tea—I'm going home."

"Take care you don't lose the tie," laughed Mrs. Forrester good-naturedly. "I would give anything to see Mr. Scales' face when you present it."

Mrs. Scales bit her lips in annoyance, and turned away with a curt farewell.

II.

"I bought a tie for you this afternoon," Mrs. Scales said to her husband as they sat at dinner. "A very pretty tie. Mrs. Forrester was with me, and she was awfully nasty about it. Said she was sure you wouldn't wear it. I just told her that if I bought it you *would* wear it. Don't you think I did perfectly right?"

"I haven t seen the tie," replied Mr. Scales, whose countenance betokened some alarm.

"I don't see that that has anything to do with it," said Mrs. Scales sharply. "It's a question of principle. You know I wouldn't want you to do anything you shouldn't."

"Of course not," Mr. Scales concurred heartily. "Let's have a look at the tie. I suppose it's a little more striking than I'm accustomed to."

"A little," assented the wife.

She picked up a small parcel which lay beside her plate, and passed it to her husband.

Mr. Scales, unwinding the wrapping with hasty fingers, sank back in his chair, and regarded the inclosure with every manifestation of abhorrence.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "Where on earth did you pick this thing up?"

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Mrs. Scales quickly.

"It's a lovely tie," replied Mr. Scales, with bitter sarcasm. "Quite unique. Where's the rest of the outfit?"

"What outfit?" asked Mrs. Scales belligerently.

"Why, the striped suit, and the big collar, and the banjo," replied her husband.

He picked up a soup-ladle, and, sweeping his fingers over imaginary strings, trolled a few lines of a coon song to give additional point to his criticism.

Mrs. Scales burst into a flood of tears.

"I think you're too horrid for anything," she sobbed. "You are not a bit funny—only vulgar. I spent a whole hour picking it out, and now you make fun of it."

Mr. Scales, who, like most men, had a nervous dread of tears, hastened to express his contrition.

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," he said soothingly; "but—but you must admit that this tie is a little—shall we say, striking?"

"Of course it's striking," replied Mrs. Scales. "That is why I bought it. I want you to wear things a little more striking. One would think you were an undertaker. Nobody will ever look at you, dressing as you do."

"But I don't want people to look at me," expostulated her husband. "I'd much rather they wouldn't."

"It's all very well for you to talk," insisted Mrs. Scales, "but don't you think a woman wants her husband to look well dressed? It may be all right for good-looking and distinguished people to wear very plain clothes——"

"Thanks," interjected Mr. Scales drily.

"But," continued Mrs. Scales, "*you* need something to set you off."

"This tie would set a powder magazine off," remarked Mr. Scales, who, though not a vain

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man, was not best pleased at his wife's disparaging reference to his personal appearance.

"You will put it on after dinner," said Mrs. Scales in a tone of finality, "and let me see how it looks."

Mr. Scales shrugged his shoulders resignedly, and the meal was concluded in painful silence.

III.

"I'm sure, George, it looks splendid," Mrs. Scales explained, when her husband appeared later in the study, with the obnoxious neckgear tied so as to display its glaring colours to the greatest advantage. "Not a bit loud. You will wear it to your office to-morrow. No, it's no use your looking like that—I told Mrs. Forrester you would wear it, and you've just got to. And you had better order a suit to go with it."

"So that people may take me for a bookmaker?" growled Mr. Scales.

"And you will wear it to-morrow night when we go to the Forresters'," continued Mrs. Scales unheeding. "Mrs. Forrester asked us round for a quiet game of bridge, and particularly said we were not to dress. I want her to see that I was right."

"She must be easily convinced," Mr. Scales was beginning, when the door-bell rang, and a few minutes later the servant ushered in a short, stout, well-groomed man of middle age.

"Hullo, Butterworth!" Mr. Scales cried hospitably. "Glad to see you."

Mr. Butterworth, having shaken hands with Mrs. Scales, turned to his host, and then, reeling against the doorpost, clung there with one hand, while he shaded his eyes with the other.

"Take it away!" he cried hoarsely. "Take it away—it's blinding me."

"Take what away?" asked Mrs. Scales, alarmed by this unexpected demonstration.

"That tie," explained Mr. Butterworth in a faint voice. "My eyesight is not so strong as it used to be."

"So I should imagine," replied Mrs. Scales in her most chilling tones, whilst her husband grinned appreciatively. "I bought that for Mr. Scales. Have you anything to say against it?"

"Not a word," responded Mr. Butterworth hastily, and resuming his normal demeanour. "It's a beautiful tie—but——"

"Well?" demanded Mrs Scales in a hostile voice.

"But," continued Mr. Butterworth diplomatically, "I'm not used to seeing Scales in bright colours. What would look all right on other people is apt to produce a startling effect when he wears it."

"What did I tell you, George?" Mrs. Scales cried triumphantly, as her husband scowled fiercely at his friend. "You see Mr. Butterworth has noticed it. Even your best friend thinks you dress too dingily. I'm glad to say, Mr. Butterworth, that he is going to turn over a new leaf. To-morrow he is going to order a new suit of clothes."

"I'll help him to choose them," cried Mr. Butterworth enthusiastically. "We'll make him look like Solomon in all his glory."

Mrs. Scales laughed, and bidding her husband let himself be guided by the advice of persons who knew more about dress than he did, departed to attend to some domestic arrangements.

"What the blazes do you mean by siding with my wife?" Mr. Scales demanded ferociously, when the two men were alone.

"You don't suppose I was going to get *my* head bitten off for want of a little diplomacy," replied the other. "I flatter myself that no one can pick himself up quicker after a stumble. I know when I've put my foot in it."

"You've put my whole leg in it with your confounded diplomacy," said Mr. Scales angrily. "Nothing will persuade my wife now that this monstrosity is not perfectly correct. She has somehow acquired the absurd idea that you are a man of good taste."

"You ought to be proud of her powers of discrimination," observed Mr. Butterworth calmly.

Mr. Scales emitted a grunt of disgusted dissent.

"She insists that I shall wear this thing to-morrow," he went on, "both in town and at the Forresters'. We are going there in the evening to play bridge. And all because Mrs. Forrester said I wouldn't wear it, and my wife insisted that I would. She wants to prove herself in the right at all costs. Doesn't think of my feelings. Just like a woman. And you heard what she said about getting that new suit?"

Mr. Butterworth, gazing abstractedly at his toes, made no reply.

"Why don't you answer?" demanded Mr. Scales aggressively.

"I was thinking," responded the other.

Mr. Scales laughed in a disagreeable fashion.

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"Rather an unusual exercise for you, isn't it?" he remarked.

Mr. Butterworth glanced at him with an air superior to all taunts.

"I was thinking about you," he said. "I've got an idea. Your mention of that suit of clothes put it into my head."

"Let's have it," replied Mr. Scales brusquely. "If it's like most of your ideas I don't suppose it's worth much."

"My idea is this," went on Mr. Butterworth, too intent upon his scheme to pay any heed to the other's manner: "Why not give your wife a lesson?"

"A lesson?" echoed the puzzled Mr. Scales.

"Precisely. She wants you to get a suit to match that tie. To-morrow we will go to a ready-made clothing place and choose the loudest suit we can find. I saw some startlers in a window a few days ago. Take it home with you and dress yourself in it in the evening, taking care to put on that long Inverness before your wife sees it. Let her catch first sight of it in the Forresters' drawing-room. I think she will be quite content to let you wear quiet colours afterwards."

"She might make things unpleasant," said Mr. Scales dubiously.

"You needn't worry about that," replied Mr. Butterworth, with all the happy confidence of the bachelor. "Besides, she won't do anything of the kind. She has more sense of humour than most women. And, anyway, you've got to make a stand. I don't see why you married men are such slaves."

"You will some day," hinted Mr. Scales darkly. "However, the idea is not a bad one. I'll think it over."

He continued to think it over, and Mr. Butterworth to ply him with insidious arguments, until he agreed to the plan.

"It's not as if there would be anyone else there but the Forresters," he said. "And I fancy they'll appreciate the joke as much as anyone."

"Of course they will," Mr. Butterworth assured him in tones of conviction. "I might drop round myself; I'd like to see the fun. Of course, I rely on you not to give me away. I don't want to get into your wife's bad books."

Mr. Scales gave the desired assurance, and the other took his departure, promising to call for his friend at his office the following morning, and help him select raiment in harmony with the much despised necktie.

IV.

"Haven't you got something a little more startling?" Mr. Butterworth inquired of the shopman in the clothing emporium, as he held up a suit which appeared to have been fashioned out of a horse-blanket. "This is pretty noisy, but my friend here wants something a little louder."

The shopman, after an involuntary glance at Mr. Scales' sober raiment, turned his eyes again on Mr. Butterworth, his brow puckered in bewilderment.

"It's for a fancy-dress ball," said Mr. Scales, who, in justice to himself, felt bound to volunteer some explanation.

"Oh, indeed," replied the shopman, obviously relieved. "Well, sir, I believe we have something that might do. We do a little in the made-to-order business. A few months ago, a customer ordered a suit off an odd sample length we had in stock. He dresses pretty loudly, but when he saw that suit made up, he said he wouldn't wear it in a nigger troupe, if he got paid five shillings a minute. So we changed it for something else."

"Let's see it," said Mr. Butterworth, rubbing his hands with delight.

The shop-assistant departed, and presently returned with a set of garments which made both customers open their eyes.

The cloth was of black and white checks, about three quarters of an inch square, and running horizontally, vertically, and diagonally were stripes of vivid crimson, orange, and purple. The cut was decidedly sporting, with tight trousers and open vest.

"First-rate!" cried Mr. Butterworth enchanted. "You couldn't improve on that."

"You don't suppose I'm going to wear that abomination," Mr. Scales expostulated indignantly.

"Why not?" insisted the other. "What's the use of doing things by halves? Here's Providence throwing this suit of clothes in your way. You might search for a week and not find anything like them, and now you want to back out. It's almost irreligious. Your wife told you to get a check suit, didn't she? You'd call this a check suit, wouldn't you?" he continued, turning to the salesman.

The man, with a furtive grin, said he thought it might be correctly so designated.

"We'll let you have it at half price," he added. "Only two pounds."

"We'll take it," said Mr. Butterworth decidedly, and turning a deaf ear to his friend's protests. "Let's have another look at the tie, Scales."

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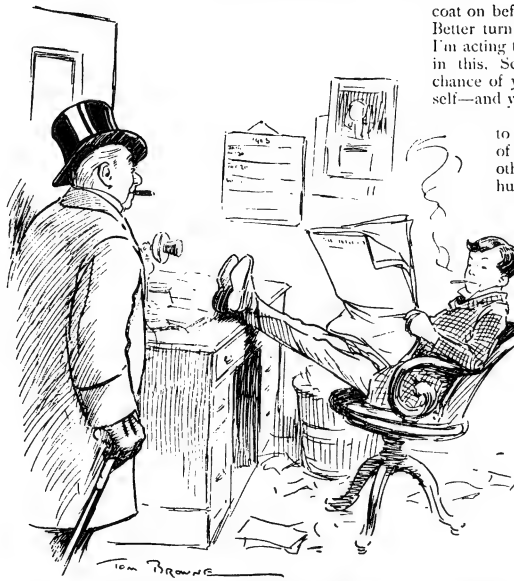

The youth, with his feet on the desk and a cigarette between his lips, was deep in the evening paper, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Butterworth.

Mr. Scales, who had sallied forth that morning under his wife's eyes wearing the new tie, but had substituted another in the recesses of the first convenient alley, sulkily produced the ornament from his pocket.

"Capital!" exclaimed Mr. Butterworth, laying it on the coat and regarding the combination with his head on one side. "See how the colours blend, Scales?"

The other, unable to make any headway against the enthusiasm and determination of his friend, grunted an inarticulate reply, and Mr. Butterworth, having negatived a proposal that the parcel should be delivered, on the ground that Mrs. Scales might open it, tucked the purchase under his arm, and towed the unresisting Mr. Scales into the street.

"And don't you forget," he said authoritatively, as he handed the parcel over, and took leave of his friend. "Dress in your own room, and be sure you have your great-coat on before your wife sees you. Better turn your trousers up well. I'm acting the part of a real friend in this, Scales—giving you the chance of your life to assert yourself—and you'll thank me later."

He turned a deaf ear to the strong expressions of doubt to which the other gave utterance, and hurried away.

Later in the day Mr. Scales received a small parcel containing a pair of socks of the Royal Stuart plaid, and an imitation diamond pin the size of a marble. Inclosed was the following brief note:

Here are a couple of finishing touches. If you fail to come up to the scratch after all my trouble, I'll never forgive you. Be a man.—BUTTERWORTH.

Mr. Scales, after bestowing one glance of extreme disfavour on the gift, thrust the parcel into his overcoat pocket with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh, well," he said resignedly, "if I'm going to make a monkey of myself to please Butterworth, I may as well do it thoroughly."

Then he dismissed the subject from his mind, and settled down to clear off some arrears of work.

He finished a full hour before his usual time for leaving, and having nothing further to occupy him, and being anxious to get his parcel safely into his dressing-room before his wife's return from a tea-fight she was attending, took his departure, greatly to the satisfaction of his office-boy, who at once ensconced himself in his employer's desk chair.

The youth, with his feet on the desk and a cigarette between his lips, was deep in the evening paper, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Butterworth.

Gloom sat enthroned on the visitor's

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brow, and he scowled darkly on the abashed culprit.

"Where's Mr. Scales?" he demanded sternly.

"Mr. Scales went home, sir, about half-an-hour ago," said the boy, thrusting the lighted cigarette into his pocket. "Did you wish to see him, sir?"

"What d'you suppose I came here for?" asked Mr. Butterworth, who was obviously in an extremely bad temper.

The boy made no reply, and Mr. Butterworth's eyes wandered about the room as though in search of some further object of resentment.

Suddenly his gaze rested on a note, lying conspicuous on the desk, and he picked it up.

"When did this come?" he asked, as he closely examined the superscription.

"About ten minutes after Mr. Scales left," replied the boy.

"Do you know whom it's from?" demanded the other.

"No, sir," replied the youth hurriedly. "The boy as brought it said there was no answer, so I left it for Mr. Scales to get in the morning."

For a full minute Mr. Butterworth stood regarding the note with a frowning brow, and it was evident even to the limited intelligence of his youthful observer that a severe struggle of some sort was going on within his breast.

Finally, his countenance cleared, and to the intense surprise of the boy, he patted him kindly on the head.

"You're a smart lad," he said, "but you smoke too many cigarettes, I'm afraid."

The boy, emboldened by his manner, ventured to proffer a request.

"I hope you won't say anything to Mr. Scales, sir."

"N — no," replied Mr. Butterworth. "I don't see that it's any of my business. But, in that case, perhaps you had better not mention my having called."

He threw the note back on the desk, and the boy, with profuse expressions of gratitude, and promises of amendment, sprang to open the door.

He partially closed it behind his visitor, and then, with his eye glued to the crack, watched him pass through the outer office.

To his surprise, Mr. Butterworth, instead of departing, sank into a chair, and gave way to an ecstasy of suppressed merriment.

He recovered his composure in a few moments, and passed out, and the office boy returned to his cigarette, and a fruitless attempt to solve the mystery of the visitor's behaviour.

V.

"Did you order that suit?" Mrs. Scales demanded of her husband as they sat at dinner.

"I did," replied Mr. Scales shortly.

"Checks?" persisted Mrs. Scales.

Mr. Scales nodded. "Black and white checks," he said.

"Really?" cried his wife, clasping her hands in delight. "You couldn't have got anything I like better. I just love shepherd's plaid. You remember old Colonel Grimes? He always wore shepherd's plaid, and you know how distinguished he always looked."

Mr. Scales, wiping his lips with his napkin for a full half minute, made no reply.

"And don't forget to keep on that tie for the Forresters," Mrs. Scales continued. "You've no idea how it changes your appearance. I'm just dying to make Mrs. Forrester admit she was wrong."

Mr. Scales diplomatically diverted the conversation into other channels, and during the remainder of the meal the question of his personal adornment was not again referred to.

* * * * *

"Nearly ready, George?" Mrs. Scales shrilled from her bedroom half-an-hour later.

"In five minutes," responded the husband.

He was standing before the glass in his dressing-room, and regarding, with an expression of mingled disgust and amusement, the startling figure in the mirror.

The new clothes, which sat tightly on his somewhat portly form, looked even more glaring, if that were possible, by gaslight than in the shadows of the shop. Amid the folds of the new tie, which the low-cut vest displayed to the fullest advantage, the imitation diamond gleamed glassily, and four inches of brilliant tartan leg and ankle put a complete finish to the grotesque whole.

For a full minute he wrestled with an almost irresistible desire to cast off the disfiguring raiment, and attire himself in his own sober-hued garments, but the recollection of his promise to Mr. Butterworth, and his own determination to present to his wife an object-lesson in male attire, came to his rescue.

He snatched his Inverness cloak from the wardrobe, buttoned himself up to the chin, and went out into the passage to meet his wife emerging from her room.

"Ready at last, George?" Mrs. Scales

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asked cheerily. "Good gracious! What have you got on your feet?"

"A pair of socks Butterworth gave me," responded the husband glibly. "I'm sure, if you don't object to the tie, you can't find any fault with them."

He opened the neck of his cloak and displayed a square inch of scarlet to his wife's gaze.

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Scales dubiously. "What have you got your trousers turned up like that for?"

"Muddy," replied Mr. Scales laconically.

They were nearing their destination, when a figure, habited like Mr. Scales in a long Inverness, approached them from a side street.

"Hullo, Butterworth!" cried Mr. Scales, replying with a slight nod to the anxious query in his friend's raised eyebrows. "We're just on our way to the Forresters'."

"That's a piece of luck," responded Mr. Butterworth heartily. "I was just on my way there myself. Thought I'd drop round and have a cigar."

Mr. Scales glanced severely at his ingenuous friend.

"I told you last night we were invited to play bridge," he retorted.

"Did you?" said Mr. Butterworth carelessly. "I don't remember. It's impossible to remember all you say, Scales, once you get started talking."

The approach of a couple of baby-carriages abreast necessitated a single file formation, and gave Mr. Butterworth the opportunity to remind the other that his, Butterworth's, complicity in the plot was to remain a secret.

"If you give me away after all I have done for you," he said in a warning whisper, "our friendship ceases."

On their arrival at their destination they were met in the hall by Mrs. Forrester, who whisked Mrs. Scales upstairs to take off her things.

"Mr. Scales is wearing that tie," the latter said with a proud glance at her husband.

"Is he?" replied the hostess with a puzzled look at Mr. Scales. "That's very nice. Take off your overcoats, will you, and go into the drawing-room. Mr. Forrester will be down in a few minutes."

Mr. Butterworth was the first to remove his outer husk, and Mr. Scales glared with indignation on an immaculate dress-suit and gleaming expanse of snowy linen.

"What the blazes do you mean by putting on your dress clothes?" he demanded.

"I like to wear 'em," Mr. Butterworth replied coolly. "Besides, I shall be a sort of foil for you. Hurry up, and let's have a look at your make-up."

Mr. Scales wrenched off his coat, and Mr. Butterworth walked round him with delight written on every lineament.

"You certainly take the cake," he said at last. 'Come on—don't let them see you out here."

He dragged his indignant friend into the drawing-room. A trim parlourmaid, who was just coming out, gave just one glance at Mr. Scales, clapped a duster to her lips, and beat a hasty retreat down the corridor.

"Beginning to create a sensation already," said Mr. Butterworth delightedly. "Here they come! For Heaven's sake, try to look natural and cheerful."

Mrs. Scales was the first to enter the room. Her eyes fell on her husband, and she stood rooted to the floor, deprived of all power of speech or motion. Mr. Forrester, entering with his wife, greeted Mr. Butterworth with cordiality.

"Didn't expect to see you, Butterworth," he said. "Glad you came, though. And how's my friend Scales?"

Mr. Scales, who had retired somewhat into the background, came forward with an embarrassed shuffle and extended hand.

Mr. Forrester was a trifle near-sighted, although he would never confess to it, and it was not until his guest was close to him that he was able to grasp the details of his costume.

"Good Lord, Scales!" he cried, regarding the grotesque figure with a look of mingled astonishment and annoyance. "Are you crazy?"

Mr. Scales smiled fatuously.

"This is my wife's doing," he replied, with a downward glance at his apparel.

"Didn't you get my note?" Mr. Forrester demanded peremptorily, while Mrs. Scales fought for her breath.

"Note?" replied Mr. Scales, staring at him. "What note?"

"I sent it round to your office at half-past four," said Mr. Forrester brusquely. "I don't understand why you didn't receive it."

"I left my office at a quarter-past," returned the other with a sinking heart. "What was in it?"

Before Mr. Forrester could reply the door-bell rang again, and a moment later voices were heard in the hall. Mr. Forrester threw up his hands with a despairing gesture, and went out, followed by his wife.

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"Ah!" said his lordship. "Hah de do?"

"Haw're you, Forrester?" said a voice. "Hope we're not too early. Lady Elsingham has a perfect mania for running ahead of the clock."

"George," said Mrs. Scales, in a horror-stricken whisper, "what does this mean? Never mind trying to explain now," with a stamp of her foot. "Get out of sight."

"I can't," cried the unfortunate man, staring wildly about him. "There's no way out but the window."

All the colour had fled from his cheeks, and his face reflected the anguish in his wife's.

"Crawl under the sofa," suggested Mr. Butterworth with a hypocritical assumption of concern.

The look which Mr. Scales bestowed on his treacherous friend would have withered a cactus.

"I have to thank *you* for this," he said furiously.

"*Me?*" returned Mr. Butterworth in accents of intense surprise.

Mr. Scales' reply was interrupted by the entrance of his host, accompanied by a tall, aristocratic-looking man with acquiline features, and a fair moustache, already beginning to grizzle.

"Lord Elsingham—Mrs. Scales," said Mr. Forrester.

The lady was too much flustered to have any distinct recollection afterwards of how she went through the ceremony of introduction. A live lord was something new in her experience, and a sidelong vision of her husband, concealing as much of his person as possible behind an arm-chair, completed her discomfiture.

"Mr. Butterworth," said Mr. Forrester.

"We have met before," replied Lord Elsingham, looking down benevolently at the other through his monocle. "Had quite a chat at the club this afternoon. I told him I was coming here, but I don't think he mentioned that I should have the pleasure of meeting him again."

"N—n—no," said Mr. Butterworth in considerable confusion. "I—I don't think I mentioned it."

"Mr. Butterworth is an unexpected guest," said Mr. Forrester drily. "*Mr. Scales.*"

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There was that in his tone which seemed to add: "This is a person for whom I disclaim all responsibility."

Mr. Scales, compelled to abandon his shelter, came forward, and Lord Elsingham turned his eyeglass upon him. An uncontrollable flicker of surprise crossed his countenance, and his slightly raised eyebrows allowed the monocle to fall dangling against his vest. He recovered it with deliberation and re-affixed it in his eye, while Mr. Scales felt like some monstrosity under the lens of the microscope.

"Ah!" said his lordship. "Hah de do?"

There was an indefinable condescension about the brief utterance, as if he had suffered an introduction to a friend's butler.

Mr. Scales, who was painfully sensitive, flushed to the roots of his hair, and retired again behind his arm-chair, whence he shot lightning glances at Mr. Butterworth, who took special pains to avoid his eye.

The entrance of Lady Elsingham was the occasion for another ordeal, the noble guest regarding Mr. Scales with the unaffected surprise of one beholding for the first time the splendours of a chief of some barbaric isle.

"What do you say to a game of bridge?" queried Mr. Forrester, after half-an-hour's desultory conversation, in which Mr. Scales, who felt like an outcast, took no part. "Care to play, Scales?"

The question so clearly conveyed the expectation of a refusal, that Mr. Scales shook his head.

"No, thanks," he replied shortly. "Not to-night."

"You play bridge?" queried Lady Elsingham, addressing him for the first time. If she had added: "I thought only civilised people played bridge," she could not have more clearly expressed her meaning.

"Mr. Scales is quite a player," interrupted Mr. Forrester hastily. "Only he isn't always in form. That will make the number just right, Lady Elsingham and Mr. Butterworth against Lord Elsingham and Mrs. Scales."

He wheeled out the card-table, and the game was soon in progress, Mrs. Scales' unbroken succession of mistakes, due to her agitation; taxing her partner's politeness to the utmost.

Mr. Scales, thankful that the attention of the other members of the party was temporarily distracted, sat gloomily on a sofa, revolving his difficulties in his mind, and trying to think out some way of escape. The chance words which Lord Elsingham had let slip convinced him that Mr. Butterworth had been fully aware that his lordship was to be there that night, and that his propensity towards practical jokes had proved too strong even for a friendship of many years' standing.

Incidentally, he recalled several particularly painful forms of mediæval torture, and regretted that the advance of civilisation had placed them beyond the reach of one seeking revenge.

"What the deuce possessed you to make such a monkey of yourself, Scales?" asked Mr. Forrester, seating himself by the side of his despondent guest, and speaking in a voice which conveyed in its tones both reproof and disgust.

"It's that beast Butterworth," replied Mr. Scales. "He got me into this. You heard what Lord Elsingham said. Butterworth knew well enough that he was to be here to night. I suppose that is what your note was about?"

Mr. Forrester nodded.

"Lord Elsingham is a sort of third cousin of mine," he said. "I met him this afternoon, and he accepted a hurried invitation. I wrote you a line to let you know, so that you might dress. A man is apt to feel a little awkward in morning clothes."

"He feels a blamed sight more awkward in this kind of clothes," replied Mr. Scales bitterly.

"But I don't understand how you came to wear them, lord or no lord," persisted the other.

Mr. Scales, considering that his friend's treachery entirely absolved him from his vow of secrecy, poured out the whole story, putting the whole blame on Mr. Butterworth.

"What I don't understand is," he continued, "how he knew that I had not heard from you. He must have known, because when we met him on the way here, I could tell from his manner that he fully expected that I was carrying out his infernal trick. I felt all along that it was a silly business, but you know what Butterworth is—he'll persuade you that black is white."

"There's no mistake about the black and white in those clothes," commented the other. "I shall have a word to say to Master Butterworth myself. Making fools of us all! You ought to have had more sense, Scales."

"If you would think of some way for me to get out of this instead of finding fault, I

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should be obliged to you," said Mr. Scales morosely. It's a dashed sight worse for me than for you. I can't explain that it's all a joke."

Mr. Forrester coughed expressively, and his guest glared at him.

"What am I to do?" he asked fiercely.

"I don't know," replied the other callously. "I fancy we'll all have to go through with it."

It was at this juncture that the woman's wit of Mrs. Scales came to the rescue.

"Don't be late, George," she said.

"Late?" echoed Mr. Scales staring.

"Yes," replied the lady, carelessly scanning her cards. "I shouldn't like you to disappoint the children."

Mr. Scales, bewildered, waited silently for further enlightenment.

"Some friends of ours," continued Mrs. Scales, addressing her partner with an ingenuous smile, "are giving a children's fancy dress party to-night. Mr. Scales is a great favourite with them, and he promised to drop in some time during the evening. They insisted on his coming in costume. He had no end of trouble getting something which he thought might amuse them. Unfortunately, we didn't know we were to have the pleasure of meeting Lady Elsingham and your lordship, otherwise he would not have put them on."

Mr. Scales, who had listened to his wife's recital, heaved a sigh of relief at the prospects of an early release.

"Oh—ah—yes," said Lord Elsingham, turning slowly in his chair and scrutinising Mr. Scales' garments. "Very funny, I'm shaw. I'm shaw I hope Mr. Scales' efforts will be successful."

"'Men are but children of a larger growth,'" commented Mr. Butterworth.

"You're a pretty good illustration of that yourself, Butterworth," said Mr. Forrester significantly.

Mrs. Forrester, who had listened astounded to this conversation, was about to ask a question, but caught a warning frown on her husband's brow.

Mr. Scales glanced at his watch, and rose with a grateful glance at his wife, which was very coldly received.

"I'm afraid I'll have to be going," he said with well-feigned reluctance. "As Mrs. Scales says, it isn't fair to disappoint children. You'll put my wife into a cab, won't you, Forrester?"

"Mr. Butterworth will see me home," said Mrs. Scales brightly.

For a moment Mr. Butterworth hesitated. He was beginning to regret the lengths to which his joke had been carried, particularly since it was manifest that his part in it had been discovered.

"With pleasure," he said at last.

"Thanks," said Mr. Scales, with a hypocritical assumption of cordiality. "And if I am home before you, you might come up to the study, Butterworth, and have a nice, cosy, comfortable chat."

Mr. Butterworth was not to be inveigled in this fashion.

"Sorry," he replied, "but I'm afraid I can't. I have to catch the seven o'clock train for Hull to-morrow."

For a moment their eyes met. Mr. Butterworth's countenance was the picture of bland innocence, Mr. Scales' dark and lowering.

"Going to Hull at seven to-morrow, are you?" asked the latter when he had made his farewells.

Mr. Butterworth nodded.

"Anybody coming down to see you off?" persisted the other.

"Not that I know of," Mr. Butterworth replied.

"Well, I will," said Mr. Scales.

A SUBURBAN IDYLL.

She sits up for her husband: I can see
Here, from my window, the illumined pane
Whereon her shadow falls—most certainly
She's sitting up again!

I know the lady . . . and the thought occurs
When next the errant husband comes in view
Her frown of anger—that shrill voice of hers
Will make him sit up too!

R. Mertun.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

May's the month when many a maiden
Dances round a stately pole.
All her hair with blossoms laden,
Joy and gladness in her soul.
(That's to say, although at present
It is lamentably true
May-Day's getting obsolescent,
This is what she ought to do.)

Be it May or grim December,
"Mr. X" the livelong day
Toils from dawn to dusk, remember,
Just to make you bright and gay.
Think of this when, sadly sighing,
O'er his head the chestnuts wave,
And his last remains are lying
In an undistinguished grave!

Puzzle Penknives or Packs of ROYAL Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, must inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

How To Win Five Shillings.

"Mr. X.," looking up from his enormous post-bag, cannot help reflecting on the genuine affection his numerous and enthusiastic readers have for him and his pages.

This reflection has suggested to him a new competition destined to be even more popular than the last, the result of which "Mr. X." hopes to announce next month.

He is still struggling with myriads of post-cards in connection with it.

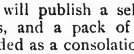
The task "Mr. X." sets his readers this month is to form a message, either of praise or blame, as they choose, from themselves to him out of the letters composing his name and address, viz.:

"Mr. X.," THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Eighteen Henrietta Street, London.

There are forty-eight letters in this address, and all of them must be used. The message may be in prose or verse, humorous or otherwise; but all the letters must be used, in any order, of course.

Attempts must reach "Mr. X." *on a postcard* before May 20th, 1908, and a prize of 5s. is offered for the best message.

"Mr. X." will publish a selection of the best attempts, and a pack of ROYAL cards will be awarded as a consolation prize to the sender of each attempt published, except to the winner of the 5s.



Q. What is the difference between a thoughtless girl and her looking-glass?
A. One talks without reflecting, and the other reflects without talking.

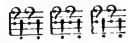
Extraordinary.

STIGGINS: "Some people die very young."

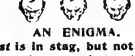
ROBINSON: "True, true. My grandfather, for instance, died at seventeen."

STIGGINS: "My dear Robinson, surely you are mistaken."

ROBINSON: "No: he died at seventeen Paardeburg Road, greatly lamented by all who knew him."



Q. Why is a waiter like a racehorse?
A. Because he runs for steaks (stakes), plates, and cups.



AN ENIGMA.

My *First* is in stag, but not in silk.
My *Second* in cream but not in milk.
My *Third* is in shoe but not in boot.
My *Fourth* is in laugh but not in hoot.
My *Fifth* is in hot but not in cold.
My *Sixth* is in bought but not in sold.
My *Seventh* is in hornet, not in bee.
My *Eighth* is in tied but not in free.
My *Ninth* is in shot but not in gun.
My *Tenth* is in play but not in fun.
My *Eleventh* is in fish but not in eel.
My *Twelfth* is in stern but not in keel.
My *Whole* is the name of an island.

The Young Men and the Apples.

Herbert and Samuel and Wilfrid bought a basket of apples. Herbert took half the apples and one more, Samuel took half the remainder and one more, Wilfrid took half the remainder and six more. How many apples were there in the basket at first?

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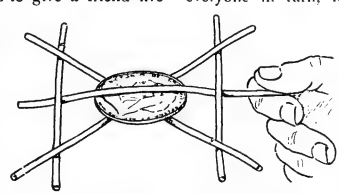
To Catch the Unwary.

Though the habit of annoying one's friends is to be deplored, and often has painful results, Mr. X. cannot refrain from publishing this little puzzle.

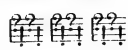
Judiciously worked, he has frequently seen it reduce staid and responsible persons to a condition of absolute frenzy.

All you have to do is to give a friend five straws, little sticks, or narrow pieces of cardboard, and a penny, and request him to lift the whole by merely holding the tip of one straw.



Most people try to balance the penny on one straw, and the other four on top of the penny, but the trick is quite simple if done as shown in the illustration.

The straws should be about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long



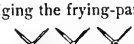
A Useful Recipe.

Husband: "Sarah, I have found out how to tell fresh eggs; it is a useful piece of knowledge, and invaluable to the housewife."

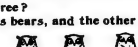
Wife: "Well, how is it done?"

Husband: "You take the egg in your hand, Sarah, and tell it whatever you think fit."

(Exit, dodging the frying-pan.)



Q. What is the difference between a big-game hunter and a tree?
A. One shoots bears, and the other bears shoots.

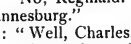


Extraordinary.

Reginald: "Charles, do you know what they call a two-pound loaf in Johannesburg?"

Charles: "No, Reginald. I have never been to Johannesburg."

Reginald: "Well, Charles, strange as it may seem, in Johannesburg they call a two-pound loaf 'bread.'"



Q. What is the difference between a clever conundrum solver and a maggot on a branch?
A. One twigs riddles and the other riddles twigs.

A Thought-Reading Trick.

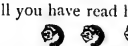
This is a trick which is certain to produce a great deal of amusement if well worked.

Commence by offering to read the thoughts of anyone of the persons present.

Having decided on the victim, a lady for choice, take a sheet of paper and tear it into small pieces. Hand one of the pieces to everyone in turn, leaving the lady whose thoughts are to be read till the last.

She naturally holds out her hand when you come to her. Offer her a piece of paper, and then withdraw it, saying: "You *thought* I was going to give you a piece, but I wasn't."

Thus will you have read her thoughts.



Q. Why are soldiers tired on April 1st?
A. Because they have just had a March of thirty-one days.

Unkind.

Maude: "Emily darling, have you read 'East Lynne'?"

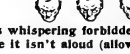
Emily: "'East Lynne?' Pooh, yes!"

Maude: "And have you read 'Oliver Twist'?"

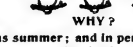
Emily: "One of my earliest actions was to read 'Oliver Twist.'"

Maude: "And, Emily darling, have you red cheeks?"

Emily (enthusiastically): "Cat!"



Q. Why is whispering forbidden in polite society?
A. Because it isn't aloud (allowed).



WHY?

'Twas summer; and in perfect bliss
The sat together in the shade.
No other's joy could equal his,
The chosen knight of such a maid;
When suddenly—"Why is a kiss
So like a scandal, dear?" she said.

"Heart of my heart," the young man cried,
"They are not similar to me;
By scandal I am mortified,
Charmed by a kiss my sorrows flee."
"And yet they're just alike," she sighed,
"Both go from mouth to mouth, you see."

ANSWERS.

A Enigma.—Great Britain.
The Young Men and the Apples: 54.

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THE REDSKINS

How a Gallant Englishman Laid Low a Ferocious Redskin Brave.

By A. B. Cooper.

John Bramley was a young man with adequate means, and, having an overplus of leisure, he was often at his wits' end how to employ it. Luckily he had always been an omnivorous, though never perhaps a judicious, reader, and a good romance was his chief delight. Though no longer a boy he revelled in tales of pirates, smugglers, and redskins, and nothing could afford him greater pleasure than a ramble through Epping Forest, on the borders of which he lived, where, book in hand, he could find a congenial setting for the vivid word-pictures of Fenimore Cooper, Ballantyne, and Mayne Reid.

Being imaginative after a primitive fashion, he peopled the forest glades with painted Indian braves, who, tomahawk or musket in hand, stole warily from tree to tree and, with fierce war-whoop, pounced upon a party of pioneers in the wilderness, or attacked the log-cabins of the backwood clearings.

Many a time had he almost scared Mrs. Bramley out of her "seven senses"—she always claimed seven, although, of course, like all men and most women, she only possessed five—by starting up in his sleep during the small hours, and crying out excitedly: "La Longue Carabine!" "Shoot the varmints down!" "Defend the stockade!" "Ha! ha! the red demons have fired the roof!" and other choice extracts from such works as "The Red Man's Revenge" and "The Last of the Mohicans."

Nor did he stop at mere exclamations. Had he done so, Mrs. Bramley, with a few endearing words, gently spoken, would have dispelled the hallucinations and brought him back to the world of reality.

In the morning the impression of his dream would still be vivid, and he would tell his wife every detail of it, and end by half believing it true. Then Mrs. Bramley, who, though she loved her husband dearly, had no great opinion of his physical courage, would laugh and say: "I wonder if you would be half so courageous, John, if you came face to face with real, live redskins. Don't you think you would run away and hide?"

Then John would feel hurt, and tell her that it was cruel to suggest such possibilities when there was no chance of his ever being able to prove the contrary.

"I only wish," he would say, "instead of living a dull life in this villa, with its garden surrounded by oak palings, on the borders of Epping Forest, that you and I, dear, lived in a clearing surrounded by a stockade, in the very heart of the great, lone backwoods. Then life would be worth living. Then a man would have a chance to show the stuff he is made of."

But Mrs. Bramley always remained unenthusiastic. "It's no use wishing for something that can never be," she would reply, kissing him to show that she loved him in spite of her doubts as to his valour; "but, for my part, I prefer civilisation, a pretty London suburb within shopping distance of Bond

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Street, and never a yelling redskin—unless the milkman comes under that description—within five thousand miles."

Well, one day in June, John Bramley took his straw hat and his walking-stick from the rack, lit a cigar in the hall, and called out to Muriel, his wife, that he was going for a stroll through the forest, and would return by a certain path well known to both of them.

Muriel came flying out of her sewing-room, saw him off from the front door, and told him that, if baby were asleep, and everything all right, she would perhaps come to meet him. So John sallied forth—he always said "sallied forth"—to enjoy a lonely ramble through the leafy glades of the forest.

Thus he tramped on for a mile and a half, plunging recklessly into glades of bracken and ling, and through brakes of prickly furze, mounting grassy mounds and topping wooded hillocks, until his legs ached, and he felt he had earned a rest.

With flagging gait he continued some distance farther, and then, settling down in a natural arm-chair formed by the roots of a great beech, he set his back comfortably against the smooth trunk, and resigned himself to the enjoyment of a waking siesta.

He had not been seated five minutes—or so it seemed to him—when, looking up, he saw a sight which filled him with the liveliest astonishment. It was the sight of a man, who might easily have passed for Buffalo Bill, riding at a break-neck gallop through the forest upon a magnificent roan horse. When John first observed him he was at a distance of a couple of hundred yards or so, and he was taking a course which would soon carry him out of his range of vision, owing to the intervention of the tree-trunk against which he was reclining.

The man wore buckskin breeches, with a sort of fringe down the seam, a leather, slashed jerkin trimmed with beads, Indian fashion, high, Cromwellian-looking boots, which looked home-made, a voluminous red-silk sash, and a sombrero of ample brim and rakish angle. He also carried a gun, which he held by the middle and waved aloft, as though signalling to someone as he rode. The rider did not observe John, because his eyes seemed glued upon some object right in front of him, and he appeared to be flying for his life.

John sat up and stared after this strange apparition, his eyes bulging with surprise. He could scarcely trust the evidence of his senses. Indeed, he shook himself to make quite sure he was not asleep and dreaming. He heard the backwoodsman—for, of course, he was none other—give a great shout, and he saw him rein in his horse with such force and so suddenly that it came back upon its haunches. Then he pointed excitedly in the direction from which he had come.

At the sound of the backwoodsman's voice, two other men, one dressed in pants and a red shirt and the other in the picturesque garb of a cowboy, ran from behind some trees to meet him. The horseman, illustrating his speech with excited gestures, said something to them, and as they listened they, too, grew excited, and ran back as though for dear life.

They were all met at the corner of the timber by a woman with a baby. The two men turned her round and, taking each an arm, hurried her back with them, evidently telling her something as they ran which caused her great perturbation.

John, still in a sitting posture, was peering round the tree-trunk during the half minute which had elapsed since first the horseman appeared. Now, however—so great was his curiosity to fathom the meaning of this mystery—he rose somewhat stiffly, and, dodging from tree to tree in the orthodox manner of scouting, made for an oak from which he expected to be able to see behind the clump of timber round which the mysterious party had disappeared.

By the time he had dodged behind a dozen tree-trunks, he had approached "within bow-shot" of the clump, and a rather longer dodge than usual brought the whole scene into his view. What he saw seemed so perfectly in keeping with what he had already seen, that he felt scarcely any further access of surprise.

There was a clearing, exactly like those he had pictured when reading tales of the backwoods, and in the midst of it a rough, wooden shanty, such as he had always imagined pioneer settlers first built for themselves out of the rough material at hand. There were now four men visible, besides two women—one a young and fair girl—two children, and the baby in arms. The big man, who had dismounted, and whose horse was not now visible, was bundling the whole party into the shanty, and John particularly noticed that all the men were heavily armed.

For some reason he did not stop to analyse, John was not anxious to discover himself to these mysterious strangers. Perhaps it was the weirdness and aloofness of the whole thing which checked him, or it may be that the guns had something to do with it. But, though not wishing to expose himself, he was

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determined to get to closer quarters if he could do so unobserved.

To this end he peeped cautiously round the trunk of the big oak behind which he was hiding, in order to mark the distance and the cover between him and the next more favourable tree. To his speechless astonishment the befeathered head and grotesquely painted features of a Red Indian upon the war-path peeped at the same instant from behind the very tree for which, a moment later, he would have made a bolt.

He dodged back behind his own tree so quickly that he knocked off his hat with a low branch, and, in the act of stooping very cautiously to pick it up, he was arrested by the sight of a second feathery-headed redskin, skipping like a young hart from one tree to another, not thirty yards from his own retreat.

Then John nearly jumped out of his skin, for the crack of a rifle made his ears sing, and the Indian, who was on the run like a rabbit for his burrow, sprang into the air with an unearthly yell, and fell flat upon the ground behind some low bushes and a mass of bracken. John stared for a terrified second at the place where he had disappeared, half expecting to see him rise again; then, suddenly realising his own terrible danger, he pressed his body as close to the friendly oak as possible.

He reflected that a shot which killed one man might kill another, and the people in the log-shanty, seeing him peeping from behind a tree, might mistake him for a redskin. Moreover, even if they differentiated friend from foe, a stray bullet might wander his way and find its billet in his heart or brain, and he was not at all anxious to make Muriel a widow. So he kept close.

But presently a perfect fusillade began. Shots crackled and snapped like a review day at Aldershot. In spite of his fears John could not resist the temptation to peep from behind his tree. He peeped very cautiously. It was evident that not all the firing was from the house, although puff after puff of smoke sprang from that direction, and John believed that he could hear the bullets chipping through the branches of the trees.

The Indians—or some of them at least—evidently had firearms, for at intervals shots rang out from points among the trees on every side of the clearing. John concluded that the shanty was surrounded by a hostile band of bloodthirsty savages, and much as he admired the noble red man in the pages of "The Pathfinder," yet he devoutly wished he had stayed in his own garden.

John saw another Indian fall, wounded or killed, immediately between his sheltering tree and the log-house, so once more he hastily withdrew even the tip of his nose, and "lay low."

For a season his fears overwhelmed his curiosity, but presently, observing a peculiar shimmer on the trees on either hand, he peeped again, and was horrified to see the shanty in a blaze!

Presently, the men within, choosing death in the open to asphyxiation or roasting, emerged in a sort of square formation, with the women and children inside. They halted at a little distance from the burning house, and blazed away with their repeating rifles in every direction. As yet they seemed to have escaped injury, but now one of the defenders fell, and the fair young girl, with a wailing cry, fell down on her knees at his side in an agony of grief. Even in the midst of the terrible excitement and bewilderment of his brain, John thought these two must be sweethearts, and a great pang of pity shot through his heart.

Then, seeing that they had done some execution, the whole band of lurking Indians—or those, at least, who had not been put out of action—broke cover, and made a rush upon the devoted group of settlers. The whole series of events had not taken probably more than five minutes to enact, and so rapid and varied had they been that John had never gathered his wits together to determine what a brave Englishman should do in the circumstances.

But now, in a quandary what to do, he cast a look behind him, and saw three Indians, whose faces, distorted with the frenzy of battle and disfigured with brilliant pigments, would have put to shame the most hideous gargoyle, bearing down upon him with great, bounding strides, each brandishing a tomahawk in one hand and a shooting-iron in the other. They were not ten yards behind him when he first saw them.

Thus surprised in the rear, John scuttled from behind his tree, and, taking a low bush or two in his stride, landed clean in the middle of the little clearing. At the psychological moment another warrior happened to arrive at top speed at the same spot, but from a direction which met John's at an angle of some thirty-five degrees. Blinded with terror John took this human projectile in the flank and bowled him over by the force of tangential contact. The yell to which each gave vent would have done no discredit to Sitting Bull or Chingachgook. John staggered

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The whole band of lurking Indians . . . broke cover, and made a rush upon the devoted group of settlers.

a moment, clawed wildly at nothing, and fell full length upon the prostrate redskin.

Finding himself unexpectedly top dog, he took the wretch by the throat—the sound of battle immediately on his left seeming to fill him with a sort of madness—and squeezed so hard that the Indian's eyes began to bulge and his tongue to protrude.

Then the fellow, who was nearly twice the size of John, lurched upward with a great effort, seized him by the hair with his left hand, and pressing his head back at a painful angle flung him off.

For a moment a red haze swam before John's eyes, and then he became aware that the whole band of redskins, followed by the whites, was bearing down upon him. He picked himself up, and ran like a hare. The clutch of the Indian upon his front lock had brought to his mind all the stories he had ever read of the horrors of the scalping knife, and he felt that every Indian now upon his trail was thirsting to add his scalp to those probably already hanging at their belts.

John had been a good sprinter at school, but his fame would have filled two continents could he have reproduced at will the speed which terror now lent to his feet. He heard, as in a dream, the horrid yells, like demoniacal laughter, die away in his rear, but he had long out-distanced his pursuers ere he could persuade himself to stop. In imagination he saw a brave lurking behind every tree, and he ran with head down in order to take advantage of every bit of cover, until he fell over an upstanding tree-root, and lay where he fell, utterly exhausted.

He listened with strained ears for the oncoming enemy, but heard only the beating of his own heart and the sound of his own labouring breath. Then, as he lay upon his face among the tangled fern, a feeling of ease and security stole over him, and that drowsy sensation of unwillingness to rise which tingles through one's limbs in the early waking hours of the morning.

How long he lay there he did not know, but he was aroused by a sweet voice exclaiming in tones of intense surprise:

"Why, Gladys, he's down there, and I believe he's fast asleep. John! John! Wake up!"

He raised his head, and then got upon his knees. There were Mrs. Bramley and her

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equally pretty younger sister Gladys, looking down upon him from a little eminence. John jumped up with alacrity, and ran towards them with brimming news.

"I've had the most weird and thrilling adventure," he exclaimed, excitedly. "I hope you are safe here, but I doubt it."

"Where are your hat and stick, John?" asked Muriel, in some concern for his mental condition, since he looked so wild and dishevelled.

John put his hand to his head, as though he expected to find his hat there. "Why, I remember now, it's under the oak. A branch knocked it off, and when I saw the first Indian killed I clean forgot to pick it up. Yes, and I must have dropped my stick when I knocked the Indian down who was going to scalp the pretty girl whose lover was shot."

Gladys clutched her sister's arm, and whispered: "Let us get him home, and I'll run for the doctor. It's the sun, poor fellow."

Muriel turned pale at her sister's words, but she pulled herself together for John's sake, and said coaxingly:

"Never mind your hat and stick, dear. You can come under my parasol. It will keep the sun from your poor head. You fell asleep in the heat, and the sun beating down upon you has upset you."

For once in his life John looked scornfully at his wife.

"Don't be ridiculous," he said. "Don't you give me credit for knowing the difference between fact and fiction? I tell you I have witnessed an attack of savage Indians upon the lonely hut of some settlers. It was no dream, but solid, horrid reality."

"We'd better humour him," whispered Gladys. "It's always best to pretend to believe them."

"Where did it all happen?" asked Muriel, striving to be brave and speak calmly.

"Why, I declare there's the very identical clump of timber! I must have returned somewhat on my tracks. And there is my white straw hat under yonder big oak."

"I'll fetch it!" cried Gladys, tripping through the yielding fronds.

"Come back! Are you mad?" shouted John. "The Indians may still be there!"

Gladys laughed merrily, although she felt very sorry for poor Muriel, and ran on. She picked up the hat and waved it over her head, and the other two hurried after her.

"It all happened about here," said John, gazing round in a bewildered manner which filled the girls with fresh alarm. "The Indian dropped dead behind that clump of bushes. It was yonder that I nearly throttled the big chief, and there—yes, there can be no doubt about it—stood the shanty where the settlers made their last despairing stand."

The girls, impressed in spite of themselves by John's confident tone, followed his pointing finger as though they would make trees into Indians and bramble bushes into log-cabins. But not a vestige of anything unusual could they see except perhaps that the grass and bracken seemed a little trampled and displaced.

"Come home, dear," said Muriel, taking John by one arm and motioning to Gladys to take the other, "you shall not stay here a moment longer. There's nothing to be seen, now is there? You must have dreamt it. And you've never even said 'How d'ye do' to Gladys, although you didn't know she was coming."

"Well, that licks creation!" was all that John could say. He was obliged to credit the evidence of his senses in the presence of two witnesses, and certainly no vestige of a hut or even the charred remains of one could he see, and as for Indians—well! He allowed himself to be piloted home, but he turned grumpy for once and could not be prevailed upon to speak.

The girls insisted upon his going to bed early and having "a good long rest," and next morning Muriel made him stay in bed, and brought up his breakfast with her own hands. When he came down about ten o'clock he would have told the tale in cold blood, but at the first mention of Indians Muriel and Gladys looked so scared that he desisted and allowed them to think he had been dreaming, though he knew very well that he had not.

"You must take us somewhere to-night, John," said Muriel at luncheon. "Gladys has to go home to-morrow, and she wants to see something in town. What shall it be, Gladys?"

"Well, if you let me choose, I vote for the Hippodrome," replied Gladys, and John telephoned for seats and they went.

Gladys, who came from the country, was duly delighted with everything, but, as a very nice young man who lived near John had been asked to accompany them, and sat next to Gladys, she liked best the part where the lights were lowered for the cinematograph.

The luminous square gleamed upon the front of the screen, a title then appeared, and instantly the moving picture began to vibrate and marvellous doings to be re-enacted

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before the eyes of the audience. Some of the pictures were topical, others were humorous, and one or two were farcical, but all were as real as life itself—seemingly real even when a man was crushed flat by a huge steam roller and afterwards inflated and sent on his way rejoicing by two cyclists and a bicycle pump!

"I wonder how in the world they do it!" cried Gladys. "It's wonderful!"

Then the legend appeared—"Attacked by Red Indians."

John, who had been quietly interested hitherto, now sat forward with his elbows on his knees, and Gladys nudged her sister. "I'm sorry this has come," whispered Muriel. "It may upset his nerves again."

But the picture was now flickering vividly upon the screen, and they saw a log-shanty and several people going out and in. Then two of the men ran as though to meet someone, and a horseman of the type of Buffalo Bill rode into the picture at full gallop.

Blinded with terror John took this human projectile in the flank and bowled him over.

Then there was much hurrying to and fro, and all the men armed themselves with guns and bustled the two women—one of whom was a pretty girl—and the children into the shanty. Then they began to blaze away, as could be seen by the puffs of smoke which came from the chinks of the hut, at the lurking Indians who occasionally appeared running from tree to tree, and gradually getting nearer.

One of the Indians gave a great spring and fell as though dead. Then the roof of the hut began to blaze. Out rushed the brave defenders, and one of them was immediately shot down, and the pretty young woman fell upon his body and kissed him. Then the Indians came bounding and leaping in from all sides with tomahawk and gun, evidently bent upon massacring the whole party. John sat like a graven image, feeling like one suffering from recrudescence of nighmare.

A moment later Muriel and Gladys and the young man who lived near, who was holding Gladys tight to reassure her, simultaneously exclaimed "John!" for at that moment he bounded into the picture. With what appeared a mighty blow he felled a great Indian who was just—or so it seemed—rushing at the pretty girl with uplifted tomahawk. But when he leapt upon the prostrate Indian Muriel screamed and clutched John's arm as though to pull him out of danger. Then the turning point in the fight came and the Indians were driven back. John leapt to his feet and seemed to disappear from the picture along with the redskins, leaving the settlers alone once more.

Pop! The white square appeared again as if by magic, and everybody clapped frantically.

"So that's how they do it," said John.

"Well, Bramley," said the young man beside Gladys, "fancy your being in that bit of faking and saying nothing."

"Well," said Muriel, when they had returned home and Gladys was saying good-night to the nice young man at the front gate, "I shall never say you are not brave again. It was all so real to you, and yet you went to the rescue of that pretty girl. And she was pretty, wasn't she? John, dear, would you be as brave for me?"

"A thousand times braver, my love," said John fervently, and he kissed Muriel so palpably that the young man at the door found courage to follow suit in the case of Gladys.

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Picture . . Paragraphs.

The Editor is Always Pleased to Purchase Photographs Suitable for Use in These Pages. Every Picture Submitted Should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

Photo *H. W. Nicholls.*

This picture, entitled "A Spring Evening on an Isle of Wight Farm," is very attractive. The only drawback is that the onlooker is unable to decide to which cow the head belongs.

STYLE IN SUMATRA.

STANDARDS of beauty vary with climate and latitude and longitude. On the west coast of Sumatra, fond mothers pray that their daughters may be blessed with long necks. The women of Padang, and also the men, consider that the girl with the longest neck reaches the high-water mark of beauty, so that she who wears the tallest bronze collar is the belle of the ball. Consequently Padang girls learn to assist Nature, and do so by adding an extra ring to their collars every now and then.

The two ladies below are considered very handsome by their friends.

Photo *The Sphere.*

Length of neck is the chief claim to beauty among the natives of Padang on the West Coast of Sumatra. The local ladies add a ring at a time to their necks to stretch them gradually. How they wash must remain a mystery.

WHOSE HEAD?

THERE is a beautiful and idyllic atmosphere about this study of cows in a meadow, and it never fails to charm the onlooker until the question suddenly arises in his or her mind: to which cow does the head belong?

Some people will affirm with dreadful insistence that it is the property of the right-hand cow, only to be rudely contradicted by others who declare that the adornment is the privilege of the animal on the left.

This seems plausible, but on looking again the head appears too small for the cow on the left. Yet clearly it is much too large for the cow on the right.

One thing is obvious in spite of the conflicting evidence; the head must belong to *a* cow, and as only two appear in the illustration it belongs to one or other of them.

It would seem as if the cow, or rather the face which belongs to one of the two cows, it is not certain which, were aware of the tantalising mystery which surrounds the question of its ownership. It has a supercilious, aggravating expression, that is particularly galling in view of the problem as to whom it belongs to. It seems to mock the beholder with an "I-could-tell-you-if-I-would" air.

There is a certain danger lest this picture should become a source of strife and animosity among the English-speaking portion of mankind. Husband may be divided against wife, families split up into camps over the question, "Whose head?" It can only be hoped that this is merely an alarmist view and will not be the case.

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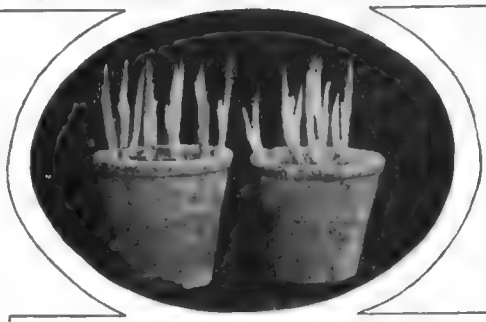
FLOWER GROWING EXTRAORDINARY

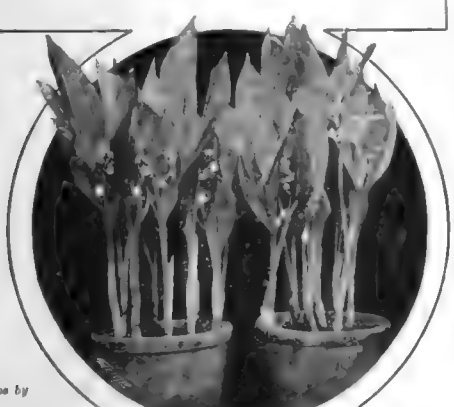
3RD DAY.—A novel method of growing lilies of the valley is that in which the roots are placed in a refrigerator and prevented by cold from starting in the spring.



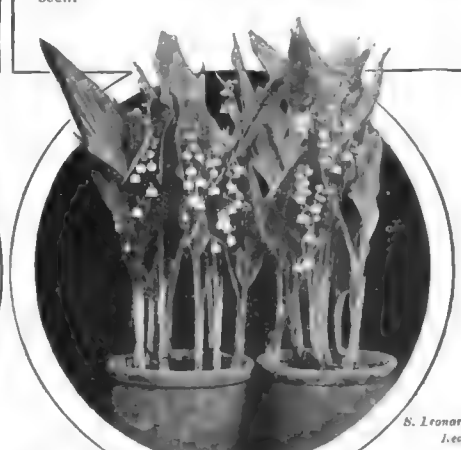
6TH DAY.—When the flowers are wanted, the roots are taken from the refrigerator and placed in a warm greenhouse. At the end of a week they are several inches high.

8TH DAY.—Two more days and the flower stalks put in an appearance.

12TH DAY.—By the twelfth day the leaves have commenced to unroll and the buds of the blossoms are clearly seen.



15TH DAY.—At the end of a fortnight from starting, the first few white bells are beginning to expand, whilst the leaves are fully developed.



18TH DAY.—Whilst on the 18th day of this magical plant growing the lilies are ready for gathering.

Photos by *S. Leonard Bastin, Leading.*

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A WEDDING 200FT. IN AIR.

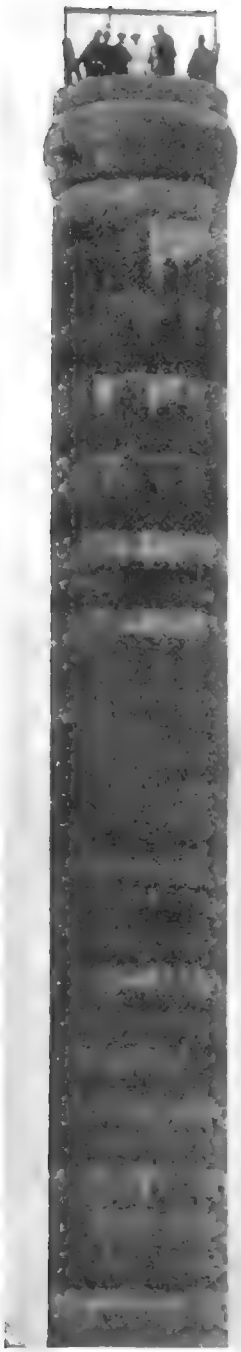

Photo *Gibson.*

The wedding of Miss Gale and Mr. Applegate of Peoria, U.S.A., took place on the local Gas and Electric Light Company's chimney, 250ft. high.

In the presence of many hundred guests, Miss Letitia Alta Gale was recently married to Mr. Carroll De Vere Applegate, on the top of the Peoria Gas and Electric Company's smoke stack, which extends over 250ft. from mother earth, and the ceremony was carried out to a successful termination even to the minutest of details.

Judge Fox of the city court conducted the ceremony, and the young couple were attended by Miss Gertrude Kelsey and Mr. Noel Priddy. Others of the party were newspaper men, and Mr. Mackay, advertising manager for the gas company and master of ceremonies.

The sight presented during the wedding was one long to be remembered. High up in the air the people composing the party looked like pigmies to those from the ground beneath. Only with the aid of field glasses could the actual ceremony be discerned.

A GIANT CAMERA.

This is certainly an uncommon object of the seashore! It is a camera mounted on an immense tripod, of which the third leg also serves as a ladder by which the operator may climb to the camera for focussing and exposure.

It was snapped on the sands at Ostend, and the photographer was taking the famous Kursaal, which stands on the Digue well above the level of the sands. Hence the necessity of getting the camera in an elevated position. Such a camera is needed also for taking the mediæval architectural beauties in some of the narrow streets of Belgian cities.

An enormous camera, used to photograph the Kursaal at Ostend, and mediæval architecture in narrow Belgian streets.

The photographer had a trying time of it. It was a gusty day—the little object on the right of the picture is a man with his coat blown over his head—and while the operator was perched in the draughty position seen in the illustration he was subjected to the banter of the Flemish loungers in the foreground.

It was not the actual camera which was so remarkable, but the height of the tripod, and the solid nature of the latter object, allowing, as it did, the operator to use one of its legs as a means of access to the actual camera. The photographer himself is an example of the lowly, unrecognised hero of the commonplace, whose actions never receive the plaudits of the crowd.

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THE WORLD'S TALLEST BUILDING.

THE RECENTLY-COMPLETED SINGER BUILDING IN NEW YORK CITY.

AN office structure which can claim the distinction of being the tallest edifice in the world as well as the most luxuriant of its kind is the Singer Building, which has just been completed by the makers of the famous sewing-machine of that name in New York City.

From the pavement to the top of the lantern which crowns its graceful tower there is a height of 612 feet. It would require four Hotel Cecils placed on top of each other to top this one edifice. It is 200 feet higher than any cathedral in this country.

Apart from its great height it represents a clever piece of engineering work. First of all the builders widened an existing structure, raised it from a nine-storey building to fourteen storeys high, and then dumped down on the top of it a graceful tower containing another twenty-eight storeys, the whole being capped by a lantern, on which comes the flagstaff. From the foundation to the top of the flagstaff there is a distance of 835 feet.

To secure the foundation thirty-four caissons were sunk 200 feet below the level of the street until the solid rock was reached, and into these steel cylinders was poured liquid cement, and it is on these solid beds of stone that the great steel girders which form the framework of the edifice were erected.

Over 10,000 tons of steel were used in this one building, the total weight of the tower alone being over 18,000 tons. There are forty-two distinct floors, and including the cupola and look-out there are forty-nine storeys. Its one thousand odd offices are capable of accommodating 6000 persons. There are fifteen electric lifts in the building, six of them being known as "expresses." In each office there is a telephone, filtered iced water, and a vacuum cleaner which the occupants can use for brushing the dust off their clothes and hats before leaving the premises for the night.

The Singer Building in New York, which is the highest in the world. It is two hundred feet higher than any English cathedral, and contains accommodation for 6000 people.

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Real Life Romances.

The Editor is Always Pleased to Purchase from Readers Real Life Romances that are True, Substantiated by Names and Dates (not Necessarily for Publication), and Five Hundred Words in Length.

A Call from the Dead.

A WEIRD ROMANCE.

THE following story was brought to this country by one of the Cowley Fathers who personally knows the chief actor in the drama. Of the latter it may here be said that he is a well-known New York physician and free from superstition of any kind. One evening some months ago, while the doctor was sitting in his drawing-room talking to his wife, a servant announced that a little girl wished to see him. It was past the hour when the doctor usually received his patients, and he ordered the servant to tell the girl that he could not see her. The servant departed, but a few minutes later returned saying that the child would not go, and begged the doctor to come at once to her mother, who was dangerously ill.

"My poor woman," said the doctor . . . "you are very ill."

Again the doctor refused, but this time sent out the address of a colleague to whom he recommended the little girl to apply. For the second time the servant came back. The child, she told her master, declared she would not leave the house until she had seen the great doctor. At such persistency the doctor relented and left the room. Returning shortly, he told his wife that the girl strangely impressed him, and that he felt that he must see what he could do for her mother.

The carriage was ordered, and, with the child seated beside him, the doctor drove to a house situated in one of the poorest quarters of New York. The child herself called to the coachman to stop, and, jumping out, she silently led the doctor within, and ushered him into a small room on the top floor, there leaving him.

Glancing round the miserably-furnished room, the doctor saw a poor woman lying on a small bed in one corner. On examining her, he discovered that she was suffering from diphtheria. It was a most serious case, and he realised that the little girl's anxiety was not without cause.

"My poor woman," said the doctor, filled with sympathy, "you are very ill, and ought at once to be taken to the hospital. Besides, think of the danger your little girl is running from infection."

A look of grief crossed the woman's face.

"I have no little girl now," she answered. "My little girl died from diphtheria some time ago."

"But a little girl, who said she was your daughter, brought me to you," said the doctor, filled with amazement. "She left me at the door not five minutes ago."

"I had only one daughter," said the woman, and the doctor recalled how strangely the child had impressed him.

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No Clue.

A FORTUNATE COINCIDENCE.

THE first scene of this drama began in July, 1898. Then it was that the Liverpool papers announced: "Mr. John Curry, a gentleman well-known in shipping circles, has disappeared in most mysterious circumstances."

Such are the cold-blooded announcements of the Press that conceal a world of romance. Fortunately the usual inference of money troubles could easily be refuted. Thus the disappearance of John Curry became a still greater mystery in that no cause could be assigned for it.

Meanwhile, at his home, a wife mourned for her husband. Was he dead, or was he still alive? The latter thought seemed scarcely conceivable, but it was not without possibility. Yet, if her husband were indeed living, why had he thus brought sorrow to her so cruelly and unexpectedly?

Thus his widow, for such at times she felt she must be, at others that she could not be, mourned, and at the same time by advertisements in almost every paper sought to glean some news of her lost husband. Yet none was forthcoming.

Months went by, and then a year. Mrs. Curry decided to leave Liverpool and to join her sister, who was living in New York City. Having sold her husband's business and invested the proceeds, she set sail for America. Years passed on; somehow the conviction that her husband was dead, instead of being strengthened by the lapse of time, diminished. In its place there arose, at first dimly, a cherished hope that something must have occurred to him that prevented his coming back to her for some time.

Mrs. Curry had just fainted, whilst the conductor, with one hand clasped to his forehead, reeled back.

Visions crept up before her eyes of his return one day, and she felt a keen delight in the thought that the money which she had invested had increased even more than if it had been in her husband's former business. What a joy it would be to tell him of this should he come back!

Indirectly it was an interest in good works that brought to pass what follows. It happened on Christmas Day, more than eight years since the terrible July day that was so vividly imprinted on her mind. Mrs. Curry and her sister had arranged to distribute presents to poor children at a charity bazaar. They entered a tram-car. Suddenly her sister heard a cry: "My husband," and turning quickly she saw that Mrs. Curry had just fainted, whilst the conductor, with one hand clasped to his forehead, reeled back into a vacant seat. In a few moments he seemed to recover himself, and in words choked with emotion exclaimed: "Ellen—my wife."

When later John Curry told his story, he had little to relate beyond what had happened during the last eight years. It seemed that suddenly he was bereft of all thought. He knew nothing of his past life, not even that he had been married, until he met his wife on that Christmas Day in the tram-car. In a flash everything came back to him, and he remembered that he had been something more in the past than a tram conductor.

The happiness of the wife to whom her husband had been so miraculously restored was only equalled by the joy of the husband himself.

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The Little Fairy.

TELLING HOW SHE REACHED FAIRYLAND.

A LITTLE girl was crying her eyes out in one of London's busy thoroughfares. This is how the story began, and without the tears there probably would have been no story at all.

A lady stopped before the little child, touched at the sight. The child ceased crying and hung her head shyly. Her small heart fluttered nervously at the presence of the beautiful lady, and her tongue refused for a time to answer the gently put questions that sought to find the reason of her sorrow.

Then fear fled, and bit by bit the lady heard a story that told of a sick mother, of a wretched room in a poor street, of slow starvation, and of a little girl who had walked the streets of London since early morning, her heart aching with anxiety to earn a few coppers to buy some food for her sick mother.

And now a week passes. In that time a wonderful change has come over the little girl. From being, as she used to think herself, the most unhappy of children, the little girl was learning fast to become a fairy. All this the lady had brought about. Still more, the little girl now knew that her "fairy godmother" was one of the greatest actresses in the world. And she had condescended to take thought of her, and even to pay her money, so that the invalid mother was no longer in want.

Then a day came when the little girl emerged a full-fledged fairy, and her happiness was complete. But a cloud soon overshadowed all, and one day, choking back her tears, she told the kind lady that she was motherless and without a relative in the world, except an uncle somewhere in Canada.

Comforting the child, the great actress told her that she would be her friend, and by her influence the little fairy was sent to a home. All through the next few years that followed the motherless little fairy thought only of Christmas.

Then was the time that she went to the theatre and waved her wand and danced, and lived in a land of glory. But those happy weeks went only too quickly, and they were drawing to an end when an event happened which to the little fairy was even more wonderful than what took place upon the stage.

Then the little fairy was called, and the old gentleman talked to her of the past.

One evening an old gentleman sat in the front of the stalls. His eyes were drawn to the little fairy. Perhaps the sight of her vivacious face, now through kind care become quite pretty, and the clever manner in which she went through her part, awakened an interest in him, who had devoted his life mainly to money-making. At any rate the old gentleman, before the evening ended, had determined to adopt the little fairy.

After the play he sought the great actress and told her of his intention. He was a childless old man, he said, and wanted someone to whom to leave his riches. Then the little fairy was called, and the old gentleman talked to her of the past. As he did so a wonderful conviction came over him. The child had an uncle in Canada. Her name was his also. Surely she must be his sister's child. And so it proved, by one of those coincidences that Art counts absurd, but which Dame Fortune sometimes accomplishes. So the little fairy now lives in a splendid house, and the great actress, who is Ellaline Terriss, still is, and will remain for ever, her greatest friend.

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PRESENTED AT COURT

A Description of the Formalities, the Glorious Moment, and Afterwards.

By Laura Farlow.

"Girls," said mother to us one day, "you really *must* be presented next season!"

We opened our eyes. Eva pictured pillared halls aglow with fine lords and ladies, all glittering with orders and jewels; flunkies, too, in scarlet and gold, and lord chamberlains and pages, with princesses and ambassadors galore in the background.

Within a month we were in London, calling, as an initial proceeding, on the Lord Chamberlain, where the first step was to be taken. Mother presented her introductions, and we were all pronounced proper persons to "pass the Presence" at the next June Court. We were even to have a duchess as our sponsor!

I don't think I have ever admired mother so much as I did in those strenuous days. She was a wonder, and before we left I assured her she really ought to seek a Court appointment—Mistress of the Robes, or something like that—for her knowledge of procedure and etiquette was, to us, surprising. She was familiar with the history of Buckingham Palace ever since Queen Caroline's day; and she promised us a fairy-like transition from girlish obscurity to the full whirl of Society.

Everything seemed to hinge on the great ordeal of the presentation—the few seconds passed in the presence of the King and Queen which brings about the intangible something recognised by all foreign Courts—for what door is closed to such as Royalty receives?

"The first thing to do," mother exclaimed briskly, "is to apply for cards at the Lord Chamberlain's office in St. James's Palace. Of course, the duchess will fill them in for us."

Fortunately, application was made in good time, for presentations are limited to two hundred at each Court. The cards, it seems, are returned to Viscount Althorp a week before the great night, and he, in turn, places them before Queen Alexandra. Then the "passports"—the cards of presentation—are issued.

Meanwhile our gowns were receiving our attention. Behold us running over to Paris to confer with an eminent dressmaker. There we found that a regular uniform, with a range in cost from £80 to £800, was *de rigueur*. Many a woman carries a fortune in lace on her Court gown.

The *débutante's* robe, the great dressmaker said, *must* be white; yet coloured flowers are permissible in the shower bouquet she carries. As to the bodice of a presentation gown, it should be cut in a round *décolleté*, with short sleeves.

If, through ill health, such a bodice can't be worn, a special permit may be obtained from the Queen, through the Lord Chamberlain's office, and the alternative in such an event is a "high" Court gown bodice cut square or "V" shaped, and filled in with diaphanous or thick white material, and elbow sleeves to match.

The train may be round or square, hung from the shoulders or the waist; but its length is imperiously decreed to be not less than three and a half yards, possibly four. As to trimming, the robe may be adorned with ostrich feathers, flowers, or passementerie, according to taste.

Next, we learnt of the cast-iron rules about the orthodox feather head-dress—three white ostrich plumes for a girl. These must stand high in front, so as to be seen clearly on the *débutante's* approach to the King and Queen. A white veil hangs from the plumes at the back. It was quite clear to me that the

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coiffure for this occasion would be work for no ordinary maid.

In case of deep mourning, black plumes and veils may be substituted, and black or grey gloves worn instead of white. Flowers and fan are optional. Diamonds and pearls may be worn; but no colour, whether in gown or accessories, is permitted the *débutante*.

After securing our gowns, then—will you believe it?—we had to go to school, all three of us! Special drilling was necessary to practice regal courtesies, as well as such feats as walking gracefully on highly-polished floors with a twelve-foot train. It was a funny accidents happened. Many women, indeed, would have fallen ignominiously, had it not been for the practised arms of the lords-in-waiting.

At last the magic cards, portentous with giant seals and the Royal Arms embossed in gold, were received. They read: "The Lord Chamberlain has been commissioned by Their Majesties to invite Mrs. Farlow and the Misses Laura and Eva Farlow to a Court, to be held at Buckingham Palace on June 10th." The hour was ten o'clock.

If ever the present King and Queen showed good sense, it was in altering the preposterous arrangements of their august

In the evening a man we knew called to give us a few final hints.

sight to see old dowagers practising with make-believe queens in dowdy Baker Street "Drawing Rooms!" Sometimes the mantelpiece and fire-place did duty as "Their Majesties!"

Even Royal Courts, it seems, have grown a little democratic. In Queen Victoria's time the form of presentation was most trying. Not only were the deepest of deep courtesies necessary, but individual courtesies were also dropped before every member of the Royal family present. As there might be six or eight of them, and the unfortunate *débutante* had to retire backwards, carrying a four-yard train, it may well be believed that tragic predecessor, whose famous Drawing Rooms were held in broad daylight, most likely on a raw, March day, when red noses and cold feet predominated, and one had to drive through an inquisitive mob, which peered in at the windows at every opportunity and made distressing personal remarks when the long line of carriages stopped because of a block at the grand entrance to the Palace. Daylight functions had been dear to Queen Victoria, from those dim and distant days when, as a girl-heiress to the throne—a little princess only just in her teens—she had attended her aunt's Drawing Rooms.

The great day came. We began dressing

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I advanced and curtsied, first to the King and then to the Queen, who smiled and bowed with as much gracious charm as if I myself were the sole and honoured guest of that brilliant night.

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No sooner was the exit reached than my train was lifted and placed over my arm. The long-dreamt-of ceremony was over.

immediately after lunch. We then had a pretty clear idea of all the laws regulating our progress, and later, in the evening, a man we knew called to give us a few final hints. He, too, was going to Court. His regulation costume was a tail coat of black silk velvet, glittering with buttons of cut steel, velvet knee breeches, black silk stockings, buckled shoes, white gloves, a cocked hat, and a little sword.

He carefully pointed out to us this sentence in the Lord Chamberlain's letter of advice: "Ladies who pass the Presence at Their Majesties' Court are requested to be kind enough to remember that their trains, which are spread by pages on entering the Throne Room, should be kept down until they are picked up and restored to them by pages who will be in attendance at the exit door for that purpose." It seemed clear that every step would be watched with the closest care and attention.

You may be sure that the *coiffeurs* were busy that day. We didn't have much dinner, for, truth to tell, we looked forward to the "standing-up" supper, now served for the general company, in the Garter Room and Green Drawing-room. There was a time when not even a cup of tea was offered within the Royal walls; but now a *menu* is provided by Monsieur Ménager, who for many years has been principal *chef* to King Edward. The supper-rooms, by the way, are very magnificent, and the gold plate of the British Sovereigns, worth over £1,000,000, is brought up from Windsor for this occasion.

There are several entrances to the Royal Palace. Royalties and their equerries have the garden entrances reserved for them. The *Corps Diplomatique*, and those privileged women who have what is called the *entrée*, also have a door of their own, while the general company use the State entrance, and another in Buckingham Palace Road. We envied the *entrée* women that night, if only because of their right of early presentation.

How we got out of the carriage without unfolding our tremendous trains I don't know. The quadrangle was ablaze with electric lights, and we had a glimpse of a vast, scarlet-clad marble staircase, with powdered flunkies and court officials bearing gold-headed staffs, Yeomen of the Guard, and archaic soldiers carrying dreadful-looking battle-axes. We hurried through the great hall and sculpture gallery to the Bow Library, which is used as a cloakroom at such times. There we left our wraps, and passed up the

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wide staircase glowing with flowers, rare marbles, and bronzes.

"Presentation or attendance?" murmured the ushers in blue and gold at the top. We moved onward with the throng, through the long picture gallery, filled with a brilliant multitude in magnificent uniforms and superb gowns, laces, and jewels, into the great ball-room.

Finally, the last barrier was passed, and not one of us had so far forgotten herself as to offer her fan or bouquet in place of the precious card. Nor did we stumble or do any of the silly things recorded in palace annals. My train was deftly taken down, and its great, shimmering length smoothed out. I was conscious only of a great silence, broken by the loud utterance of my name.

At length I beheld Queen Alexandra in a satin gown of great beauty and simplicity, veiled with snowy *mousseline*, and decked with the incomparably beautiful Brussels lace given her on her marriage by the Belgian King. She wore the *manteau vénitien* she specially approves, and her crown, necklaces, and corsage gems were one glorious coruscation of lambent fire. Such little colour as the Queen wore was borrowed from her diamonds and from the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter that crossed her breast, prominent beside her other orders. King Edward appeared in the uniform of a field-marshal, and the Princess of Wales was in white satin and jewelled lace, her train a beautiful cloud of silver tissue, and a foam of poppy petals at her feet.

Their Majesties stood upon a splendid carpet of velvet pile, with no dais or throne, while a throng of peeresses and high official ladies or *entrée* guests lined the walls and added to the dazzling scene.

I advanced and curtsied, first to the King and then to the Queen, who smiled and bowed with as much gracious charm as though I myself were the sole and honoured guest of that brilliant night. Then I passed on; and no sooner was the exit reached than my train was lifted and placed over my arm. The long-dreamt-of ceremony was over—had passed in a flash, like a dream.

People have asked me if I admired the marvellous Grüner decorations of the ball-room, which cost £400,000, or the friezes by Raphael, whose "Twelve Hours" are there displayed, set in panels of satinwood. I fear I saw little of these. I carried out a vague sense of flashing jewels, gorgeous dresses, resplendent uniforms, dazzling orders, and soft music. But I did see the sweet and gracious Queen, and her splendid crown scintillating like living fire as she bowed and smiled at poor little me.

Mother, Eva, and I met in the *salon* beyond and eagerly compared notes. "It is like a wedding," Eva said; "once it is finished you want to go through the whole thing again, this time to enjoy it."

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THE LITTLE BRIDESMAID.

I've just been to a wedding grand,
The bride was Sister Bet;
And oh! the lovely time I had
I never shall forget.

I was a bridesmaid, and my dress
Was just a perfect swell;
And then my hat, and gloves, and shoes,
Were all quite new as well.

I had a lovely gift from Tom;
Perhaps I should explain,
He married Bet; and oh! I hope
She'll marry soon again.

Herbert J. Brandon.

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Guiseppe

His Pathetic History.

By Herbert G. de Hamel.

It was the sight of Guiseppe feeding his monkey on his last crust which first drew my attention to him. The little fellow was crooning softly and hugging his furry friend tight to his bosom. Personally I should not care to be squeezed while I swallowed pieces of dry crust. Monkeys may like it. I don't know.

As I approached them, Guiseppe thrust the crust into his pocket, and jerked spasmodic chords from his concertina. "Chey—chey a-ah chey," he sang—or words to that effect. I do not understand the language.

"Are you hungry?" I inquired.

"*Si, si, signore,*" he replied mournfully.

He released the concertina, which collapsed with an asthmatic wheeze, and again hugging Jacko to him, he kissed the little brown head. I determined that both he and his pet should be the heavier by a good square meal before they were an hour older.

The boy suddenly glanced over his shoulder. The concertina once again grunted its discordant notes. "Chey—chey—a-ah—chey," sang the tremulous voice.

I followed the direction of his glance. A burly fellow, obviously an Italian, was slowly lurching towards us.

"Ver' bad man—beat me—beat Jacko," whispered the little fellow. "Chey—chey—a-ah—chey."

"Come," I replied, "the bad man shall not touch you."

A few words sufficed to put my wife in possession of the facts; she laid a small white hand caressingly on the curly head, but withdrew it hurriedly on its coming into contact with Jacko—whom she now noticed for the first time.

"Nancy will love to see it," I remarked apologetically. Nancy's approval is always a strong recommendation in her mother's eyes.

"Monkeys—" began Lilian, and then hesitated. "All monkeys—" she started again, and came to a second halt.

"He hasn't," I remarked firmly. "Not once."

"Jack!" she exclaimed indignantly, "I didn't mean anything of the sort."

"Anyway," I said, changing the subject, "they are both extremely hungry."

Within ten minutes Jacko was seated on my knee accepting dessert nuts with the freedom of an old friend, while his master enjoyed a substantial and more varied meal at the table

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Lilian and Guiseppe were carrying on an animated conversation in Italian. I don't know which of them was the more pleased.

It was plainly apparent that he considered my wife to be a person vastly superior to myself. The monkey, on the other hand, obviously preferred my company. He had already reached a stage of affectionate comradeship which allowed him to help himself to nuts from my pocket. Although the honours were thus divided, I determined to make an effort to raise myself in the estimation of Guiseppe. In my youth I had undergone a course of twelve lessons in the Italian

"The boy on the roof is blowing a horn," I repeated defiantly.

His look turned to one of alarmed amazement. He made a curious cooing noise in his throat. An instant later the monkey was crouching on his shoulder. I will do the ungrateful beast the credit to say that it cast one regretful glance in my direction.

Lilian lay back in her chair and laughed helplessly. Instantly, Guiseppe's expression changed. The red lips parted into a joyous smile. I had risen in his estimation. I was a humorist of the first order. A moment

He proceeded to regard me with an anxious and fixed stare.

language at the hands of a professor. I was now able to say one whole sentence. It was such an egregiously useless remark that I had never been able to forget it. I repeated it to myself five or six times to make sure that the pronunciation had not come loose, and then launched it at him.

"Guiseppe, the boy on the roof is blowing a horn."

He dropped his knife and fork with a clatter, and gazed suspiciously at the ceiling. Finding this to be in its normal uninteresting condition, he proceeded to regard me with an anxious and fixed stare.

later he had replaced Jacko on my knee and stood waiting for some further quip.

My new found reputation hung trembling in the balance. Guiseppe waited patiently. In despair I again referred to the idiotic performance of the imaginary boy. Guiseppe was delighted. After my ninth repetition he was rolling on the floor, and we had become firm friends.

Before I could again complete the sentence, Nancy had burst into the room. She was an energetic small person aged nine.

"Is that a monkey; will it bite me?" she demanded, all in one breath.

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The policeman made a final note in the fat notebook.

I assured her that it would not, and passed her my last surviving nut. Jacko opened his mouth in pleased anticipation and smiled.

"It is just like Uncle Walter," she remarked.

"Nancy!" said Lilian reprovingly.

"Where is its boy?" asked the little girl, somewhat taken aback at the rapid disappearance of the nut. She turned towards Guiseppe as she spoke. She gazed at him with distinct approval for some seconds, and then commanded: "Bring the monkey into the garden and let's play games."

We all had tea beneath the old chestnut tree, and a right merry party we were. Parker, it is true, sniffed indignantly as she placed the tea-things on the table; but the little boy was too lost in rapture at the gleaming silver to notice her disdain. The novelty of having a monkey to tea made Nancy's meal a very protracted affair. She had, indeed, barely shared the last cake with Jacko, when Guiseppe rose to his feet and bowed.

"Must to go, please," he said with a sigh. He would not hear of staying longer. "The bad man," he said, "would certainly come for him. He would be beaten harder even than before." We extracted a promise from him to visit us again if he were hungry or in need of protection.

He turned at the corner of the road to wave his hat to us. I waited a second after the boy had disappeared from sight. A strongly-built man in a soft felt hat crossed the road and lurched heavily in the direction that Guiseppe had taken.

* * *

"Wake up, wake *up!*" cried Lilian, shaking me unceremoniously by the hair. I woke up. I could scarcely do less.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked indignantly. "I *am* awake."

"The bell is ringing," said Lilian.

I sat up and listened intently for some seconds.

"The bell is *not* ringing," I remarked somewhat crossly. The clock on the mantelpiece showed the time to be 3.30 a.m. It requires a tremendous effort to be polite at that hour.

"It *did* ring," said Lilian plaintively.

"Go to sleep and try to dream something different," I answered, as I replaced my head as nearly as possible on the exact spot it had occupied before.

"It *is* ringing. Oh, *do* wake up!"

I sat up again more indignantly than before, and then began to climb slowly out into the dawn temperature. The bell was most undoubtedly ringing. It only left off ringing to let the knocker get in a few raps every now and then. I snatched up the poker and marched downstairs. An arctic zephyr wafted past me as I opened the front door. It was followed by a policeman and Guiseppe, hand in hand. From the expression on the latter's face I gathered that this was a measure of precaution rather than affection on the part of the constable.

"'Ad a narrow squeak, sir, that you 'ave." I was unable to think of a suitable reply to this remark. It was 3.35 a.m., and very cold at that. "I don't think as nothing 'asn't been took," he continued.

"Took?" I repeated wonderingly.

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"'Took, sir. You've 'ad a burgaler 'ere. Broke open the window over the area."

"Guiseppe!" I exclaimed in amazement, glancing at the shivering boy.

"Oh, you do know 'im, do you?" said the officer, releasing the small hand—an act of which Guiseppe immediately took advantage to place the extreme length of the hall between them. "'E come up to me on my beat and said as 'ow there was a man a-breakin' into this 'ouse. We see 'im makin' off as we came up, and I blew my whistle."

"Why didn't you chase him?" I inquired indignantly.

"I'd 'ave 'ad to 'ave let the boy go," he replied. "Besides, you never see a man what wasn't a ostrich run like 'e did."

At this moment Lilian entered the room leading Guiseppe by the hand.

"This brave little fellow has saved all our things, Jack," she cried. "He has been telling me all about it."

The constable whipped out a fat notebook and made an entry. "'E pretended as 'e couldn't unders'and a word I said to 'im," he remarked judicially.

"Perhaps you don't speak Italian with the Neapolitan accent," replied Lilian in withering tones. "The brute he lives with," she continued, "beat him till he told him all about the house and the silver and——"

"Bruises," murmured the policeman as he made another note.

"I should be glad if you would not interrupt me," she remarked coldly. "He said he meant to burgle it this evening, or this morning, or whatever it is. Guiseppe begged him not to, and the brute beat him again. He followed him here, and when he saw him beginning to break in, he ran off and fetched this policeman. He naturally imagined that he would be treated in a respectable way and not dragged along the ground."

"'E fell over three times," remonstrated the officer. "I'll take 'im off to the police-station for the night."

"No," remarked Guiseppe with unmistakable firmness, "ver' bad man."

"He shall *not* go!" cried Lilian; "he is going to sleep here."

"Very well, mum," said Robert helplessly. "But would you please ask 'im where 'e was to meet the man—the—er—brute as beat 'im? Then we'll catch 'im there."

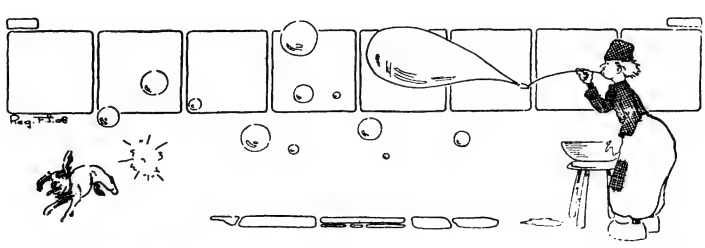
Lilian elicited the desired information. The policeman made a final note in the fat notebook. Lilian kept a watchful and suspicious eye upon me as he departed. However, with a little assistance on his part, a sovereign changed hands unobserved. There is an unobtrusive tactfulness about the English constable which always appeals to me.

By the time Guiseppe had finished his meal and told his story to Lilian twice, it was past 4.30 am. I refused point-blank to repeat my remark about the boy on the roof as a final treat for him, and insisted firmly that we should retire to bed.

Even then I was not allowed to sleep. Lilian insisted on discussing plans for the welfare of the little Italian. I was awakened three times to listen to new and more startling ideas on the subject.

* * * * *

Alas! These kind intentions were doomed to come to nothing. Our little guest had left us for ever. The bed had not even been slept in. With him had gone all our silver. The last that was seen of Guiseppe was the little fellow trotting happily out of one of the London termini. By his side walked a burly Italian carrying a bulky sack. His right arm rested affectionately round Guiseppe's shoulders. They smiled on each other with the smile of perfect understanding.



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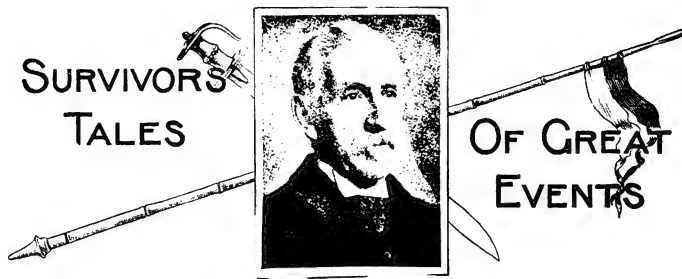

Photo Mayger, Hounslow.
Mr. Thomas Pearce.

No. XL.—THE SIEGE AND STORM OF DELHI.

From the Narrative of Sergeant Thomas Pearce, late 9th Lancers.

As Told to Walter Wood.

When the Indian Mutiny broke out at Meerut on May 10th, 1857, the rebels moved on Delhi, only a few miles away, and on the 11th seized the city, proclaimed a king, and committed terrible atrocities. The British soon afterwards besieged the city, but it was not taken until September 20th, after an assault which lasted six days. The king, an old man, and his two sons were captured, the sons being shot and the monarch transported for life. Sergeant Thomas Pearce, whose story is retold, has a brilliant military record, won in the 9th Lancers, the only light cavalry regiment, except natives, employed before Delhi.

I was in the Army for nearly a quarter of a century; I took part in twenty-one campaigns and battles, big and little, and of them all I consider that the siege and storm of Delhi was the worst. I do not except the bloody jungle fight of Chillianwalla, the severe action at Goojerat, or the relief of Lucknow, in all of which I shared, for the work in front of Delhi was so long, so hard, and was done in such an awful climate—the climate of the deadly Indian summer, and the almost unendurable miseries that are inseparable from tropical heat.

It was a war of revenge—even the most charitable amongst us did not make any secret of that simple motive—revenge and punishment for the inhuman slaughter of our fellow soldiers and, which was infinitely worse, our women and little children. There had been butchery at Meerut and Delhi, and atrocities everywhere throughout the district. Whatever the failings of the British soldier may be he never overlooks or forgives a wrong which is done by an enemy to English women and English children, and far less than the atrocities of the Mutiny were needed to make him carry out the resolve to give no quarter to the rebels.

No mercy was deserved, none was given, yet throughout the war I never knew of a case in which a British soldier sought revenge on a native woman or child. They were just as carefully spared as the men were ruthlessly destroyed.

It was with this feeling of vengeance in my heart that I marched towards Delhi, the headquarters of the mutineers, the ancient city which they were holding, where already they had murdered all the English people they could lay their hands on, and where they fortified themselves and defied us.

One sight I saw before I got to Delhi which was to burn itself for ever in my memory, and which is as clear now, fifty years afterwards, as it was then, and that was the "slaughter-house wells" of Cawnpore, as we called the dreadful spot where between 120 and 130 women and children were cut to pieces by the mutineers. Gentle women and little children had been murdered, and worse, by the inhuman rebels; butchered in a shed, and then dragged out and thrown into the dry well in the compound or courtyard.

I saw the building where the murders were done, and in the compound I looked down the well, which was choked with the mangled bodies of our countrywomen and the little children. The ground and the earth were

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still red, and everywhere were ghastly signs of the massacre. The strongest men amongst us broke down when we beheld the pitiful evidence of Nana Sahib's treachery, and the feeblest called aloud for vengeance. If at any time throughout the long weary months of fighting and siege work a man faltered in his resolution he braced himself up again when he recollected that awful sight, or heard of the atrocities which took place daily whenever the mutineers got English people in their power. Not even rebels who surrendered were spared.

When we got before Delhi we found that the city looked formidable enough to withstand a long siege, and this proved to be the case. Delhi at that time was nearly eight miles in circumference, and was surrounded by a ditch and high walls. On one side the Jumna flows, and on the land side were nine gates, the chief of which was the Cashmere Gate. About a thousand yards from the city walls was a ridge of ground, and on this was planted our artillery. On that ridge we had many weeks' thrilling practice in the art of dodging shot and shell, and witnessed many a terrible tragedy. Man is not as swift in his movements as a shot, and often enough a fine fellow would be blown to pieces, or, which was worse, hopelessly mangled. The handsomest fellow in my regiment had both his legs shot away by a cannon-ball from the city.

Nothing is harder to bear than a siege such as we were conducting, and especially for a light cavalryman who has been accustomed to active work. He likes to get in with his lance and sabre, and there was no chance of doing either in a general way at Delhi. I had to grin and bear it, and wait for the time to come when I could share in the work of revenge. There was no need to remind us of our duty in this respect, for now and then we got terrible evidence of the sort of enemy we had to deal with. Some poor creature who had escaped from a massacre and into the jungle would crawl up to our pickets. Then the whole camp would be horrified and maddened by the tales of butchery and outrage that were heard.

One case especially there was which was as rousing in its call for vengeance as the massacre at Cawnpore. By some means a lady escaped from the city and got as far as our outposts—sanctuary at last. She was a gently nurtured Englishwoman, and her tale was this:

When the Mutiny broke out at Delhi, when the monsters from Meerut had joined the rebels in the city, her husband was murdered. Then the mutineers rushed to her quarters, where she was in bed with her two children, a little boy and a little girl. A brutal rebel seized the boy, held him up by the hair, and in his mother's presence cut his throat, and flung the corpse upon her. Then he took the girl and treated her in the same way; but terribly wounded though she was she lived for several hours, crying in her agony for water. The mother herself was wounded, but she survived until she saw a chance to escape and get to our lines.

Can you wonder that our war was one of revenge, and that we never gave quarter? And can you be surprised if at times innocent men in the villages we came across were ridden down and sabred? They were; but it must be remembered that we suffered heavily from treachery, and that often enough the mutineers got into our very midst in the guise of friends. It was almost impossible for us to distinguish them, and the time came when we took no risks of any sort. Things went so far that once when some prisoners were being tried the alarm was sounded, and the members of the court-martial rushed to their posts. The Provost-Marshal was asked where the captives were. "Oh," he answered, "I shot them when the alarm sounded, so as to be on the safe side." And I don't think anybody blamed him.

It was pound and pound, guns booming from the ridge, artillery flashing from the vast city which reeked and sweltered in the Indian sun. Every crevice in the walls appeared to shelter a mutineer, every bit of rising ground seemed to be a post for gunners.

Day and night we were kept on the rack, about 2500 Europeans and loyal natives against 20,000 rebels in the city. It was so often a case of the alarm sounding, standing to our horses, and saddle and bridle, and nothing at the end of the excitement but disappointment and violent language. And with it all there was the ceaseless suffering of man and beast, the harassing of a constant fusillade, the death that comes from shot and shell and steel, and, worse than all, from disease. There were heavy thunderstorms, but how welcome they were after the insufferable muggy heat!

There were musk-rats and at times poisonous snakes to trouble us, and myriads of flies and other insects, such as flying bugs, settling on your food as you ate it and making your drink black as you swallowed it. And the heat was so intense that men were

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literally shrivelled up by it. There was no escape from the sun except, perhaps, by crawling under beds, as some of the officers did, or into the shade of any object that gave some. Sickness was always with us, and the camels and horses and baggage animals died by the score, the rotting carcases making our camp intolerable. I used to watch the vultures at their ghastly work, and often enough saw the birds standing on the corpses which floated down the Jumna, pecking at them as they drifted.

Are not all these horrors inseparable for ever from the dreadful story of the Mutiny? And is it not amazing that while they are still fresh in the memories of the veterans amongst us, there should be those who are reckless or criminal enough to try to stir up strife in India and bring about a repetition of the atrocities of fifty years ago?

Nothing is more demoralising or disheartening than a siege. From day to day, week to week, month to month, you go on with your pounding, your scrapping, your toiling, and your suffering, and you never seem to advance. Disease grips you and thins your ranks, scanty rations undermine your constitutions, and incessant strain saps your strength. The comrade who one day is blithe and bold is the next resting in his shallow grave, and the man whose strength and energy you have envied is a lifelong cripple.

We in front of Delhi felt war's wastage as much as any of the troops engaged in crushing the Mutiny; but just as in Lucknow they kept the banner of England flying, in the sure belief that at last relief would come, so we in front of the ancient capital of the Moguls bombarded and skirmished, knowing that in the end we should get our revenge. Always we remembered the slaughter-wells at Cawnpore, and such happenings as the murder of little children and the violation of our English girls and women. Let not these things be so readily forgotten by those who talk so glibly of India for the Indians.

To show you how these constant alarms by the enemy affected us, I will recall a tragic little incident. A clever young officer of Engineers was returning to camp at night. Knowing how difficult it was to distinguish friend from foe, he had made the most elaborate preparations for his safe return. But all his plans were upset by one of the accidents that are inseparable from warfare. Instead of coming back to camp and being challenged by a sentry who would have known him, he was hailed by another officer. The Engineer for some unknown reason made no reply, and the officer instantly shot at the mysterious figure, mortally wounding him. The Engineer, after lingering in agony till morning, died.

There was another and more startling affair than that—more startling because it involved a heavier loss of life, and because it was so completely unexpected and unlooked-for. In the night-time you take it for granted that there will be thrills, and that the probability is that in some form or other the enemy will prove a match for you, but in the broad light of day the case is different, and you do not anticipate catastrophe.

The siege was in full progress, and I was out with a picket very near the sun-baked city. The guns were booming and the musketry was crackling, but I paid little heed to either. Custom had made me callous. I gave all my attention to the performances of a body of cavalry which was advancing towards our own. I watched it until it joined our own lines; then, to my amazement, I saw that there was an alarm, and that the horsemen, who were supposed to be our own native cavalry, had come from the enemy and were cutting and slashing amongst the Carabineers.

So swift was the descent, so much like our own native cavalry were the rebels, that before the Carabineers could saddle and bridle, the enemy was galloping back to Delhi, gloating over an unexpected little triumph, for he left a number of the British cavalry dead and wounded in their own lines. It was a marvellously audacious movement, and its very boldness gave it the success which would otherwise have been out of the question. There were not many more surprises on the same scale, but frequently the enemy, crafty and resourceful, would get a few men into our camp, because of the difficulty or impossibility of distinguishing friend from foe.

Monotonous though the siege itself inevitably was, yet scarcely a day went by without giving us a thrill of some description. Once an officer who had ventured too near the walls was in peril, and saved himself only by hanging on to the tail of his orderly's horse. The horse was shot dead when fifty yards had been covered, but the officer escaped. Neither officer nor man stood on his dignity when the saving of his life was in question.

At another time three men were seen prowling about in a suspicious manner. They were not armed, but at such a time even unarmed persons were a source of danger.

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A few of our Lancers pursued them and promptly carried out the sentence of death.

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They were captured, and after being examined were ordered to be shot as spies. Pistols were aimed at their heads, and, naturally enough, they bolted, and tried to save their lives. Firearms fifty years ago were not the splendid weapons that they are to-day. The spies fled like the hunted creatures they were, for as soon as they took to their heels a few of our Lancers pursued them and promptly carried out the sentence of death.

Of course these things kept us interested, and we were not without amusement, either, because of the things we did or saw or heard. One of the officers must have been a born wild-beast tamer and snake-charmer, for he literally had no fear whatever of dangerous animals and reptiles. One day he amused himself by making a poisonous snake dart its fangs into some object; then he gripped the reptile by the back of the neck and made it go through a number of performances which were infinitely more comfortable to watch than to be near. At another time the officer was taking what we called a mud bath in the Jumna, deep in the mud and baking in the sunshine. And he passed the time away agreeably enough by trying to catch alligators by the nose! He was an enormously strong man, but I have known many strong men give reptiles in India a very wide berth. I did myself, and I was not by any means a weakling.

It seemed as if our artillery would never make any impression on the city and as if Delhi would never be ours; but the day of vengeance was approaching, even if slowly, and we knew that the time was not far distant when the whole of our force would be hurled against the massive walls and into the far-reaching city. But we got nearer and nearer, and at last within three or four hundred yards of the ditch. For a week we pounded away again; then on the 14th the storming came.

All through the hot, hard months we had been inspired by the spirit of revenge; now, near the finish of the work, we were reminded of the way in which our countrymen and countrywomen had been murdered, and the whole of us fell on the place with a determined ferocity that made it ours, but only after a struggle which lasted nearly a week.

I was with my regiment, mounted, under the walls just outside the Cashmere Gates. The stormers were struggling across the ditch and over the walls, the artillery thundering, the musketry rattling, and the mutineers shouting back defiance at our own people. It was wonderful to see the way in which the ditch was crossed and the great high walls scaled, and to see, too, how furiously the rebels fought when they must have known that all was lost. They did not rest satisfied to wait for our coming; they left the city, many of them, and threw themselves in frenzy against us.

Many were maddened with the native drink, none more so than a man who came towards us by himself. I think we were in column of squadrons at the time, and this solitary individual, supposed to be an officer, charged upon our front squadron. He looked a superb spectacle as he waved his sword, making a cut and sweeping on the foremost of our men.

On and on he came furiously, still cutting with his sword, on until he was at the very points of the lances; then there was a flash of steel points in the sun, a loud cry, a tumble to the ground, and an emptied saddle. The solitary horseman had been speared to death.

"No quarter, no loot!"

That was the spirit of our orders, and I, like many others, carried it out with all my strength, when the time to do so came. That was when the Cashmere Gate had been blown up, and an entrance made for our passage into the city.

The Cashmere Gate had been the scene of one of the most daring episodes of the Mutiny. When the rebels began their massacre Delhi had two magazines, the chief being near the Cashmere Gate, containing nearly a million cartridges, an enormous quantity of shot and shell, and a vast number of muskets. To have allowed this material of war to fall into the hands of the mutineers would have been madness, and Lieutenant Willoughby, who had charge of the magazine, knew it. He determined that, rather than let the rebels have the magazine, he would sacrifice his life. He and a small band of British officers defended the spot to the last extremity; then, knowing that the magazine could not be held, he blew it up, destroying hundreds of the mutineers, and perishing himself.

Again, months after that heroic achievement, the Cashmere Gate was to be blown up, and now a little party under Lieutenant Salkeld, a party which was almost a forlorn hope, was hurrying up with powder-bags.

Lieutenant Salkeld belonged to the Bengal Engineers, so did Lieutenant Home, who was with him; and there was Sergeant John Smith, of the Bengal Sappers and Miners, and Bugler Hawthorne, of the 52nd Regiment There were nine natives, and all told the party carried a dozen bags of powder, each containing twenty-five pounds. They dashed

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He looked a superb spectacle as he waved his sword, making a cut and sweeping on the foremost of our men.

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for the gate. Four of the natives hesitated, became panic-stricken, and refused to advance. Smith presented his musket and swore that he would shoot them if they still refused. Lieutenant Salkeld ran back, demanding to know the reason of the delay. The sergeant told him. "Shoot them! shoot them!" he shouted; but two of the natives went on, the other pair being left.

No man can tell to a certainty what actually happened in that terrible storming; but the deed was as heroic as was the blowing up of the magazine by Lieutenant Willoughby. A slow match was lighted, but there was no explosion. Lieutenant Home went forward to re-light it and was blown to pieces, for the powder just at that instant burst into flame; a man named Carmichael was killed with his powder-bag on his shoulder, Lieutenant Salkeld was mortally wounded, yet they tried to save his life, placing a bag of powder under his head as a pillow. Even as he was dying an aide-de-camp rushed up with a bit of red riband—an earnest of the Cross which the lieutenant never lived to see.

I saw it all take place, yet I cannot tell you the details; all I know is what everyone knew, that because of the amazing courage of this little party the breach was made, the opening through which our infuriated troops could pass into the city itself, fighting their way through the narrow, crooked streets, which were choking with battle-smoke, and pitted with the fire of musketry, destroying the rebels wherever they were met, always remembering what the mutineers had done, and giving no quarter, except to the women and children.

For three months we had been investing the city; for six days and nights we were completing our victory, then at last, on September 21st, Delhi was completely ours. The king, an old man, was a prisoner; his two sons and a grandson, who had fled in panic, were captured not far from the city and shot by Hodson, the famous commander of Hodson's Horse, whom I saw on the walls of Delhi during the storming.

We had been forbidden to loot, and I for one obeyed the order. In the shape of loot I got nothing, and Delhi was a city of palaces, where much treasure was obtainable. Some men got gold and silver ornaments or money, and others laid their hands on all sorts of strange things in the way of mementoes.

I cared nothing for the riches of the city; I was satisfied with the feeling that Cawnpore had been avenged, and was glad when, not long after Delhi had been subdued, I marched away. Many of our dead were left behind; many a man who, when the siege began, was unknown, was a hero, for seventeen Victoria Crosses had been won. On the day of the storming alone, the 14th, ten were gained, and the entire number were secured within a period of a week—that memorable week of incessant fighting to make our conquest certain.

I was one of the men who often mounted guard over the king when we bore him away as a captive. I often saw him smoking his hookah, with his harem around him, and not very beautiful women, considering that in a way they were queens. I used to look rather wonderingly at the jewels, which flashed in his turban, like bits of glass glistening in the sun.

Retribution fell upon the mutineers wherever British troops were met with. It was short shrift and the rope, bullet, or cannon, and my last recollection of Delhi is the picture of a great tree, like a banyan tree, on which we executed some of the rebels who had come into our hands—men who were all stained with the blood of our countrymen.

In bullock-carts, mostly two or three prisoners in each, they were drawn to the tree, and ropes put round their necks. Then the carts were drawn away, and the bodies were left hanging, like evil fruit, with the vultures circling in the air and darkening it.

More than a score of the mutineers were hanging from the branches when we marched away; and so that there should be no hope of saving them by cutting them down, they were shot.

It was terrible enough; but they had shown no mercy to our fellow-countrymen and our womenfolk and little children, and we showed none to them.

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No. III.—DIPLOMACY AT WORPINGTON.

The Inner History of a Parish Bazaar, and its Results.

THE Reverend Merrick Holt used to say afterwards, with a grim smile at the recollection of events, that the three months he spent in the parish of St. Peter's, Worpington, constituted an experience that he would not willingly undertake again.

The Vicar of Worpington, the Reverend Septimus Crayford, had broken down with work and worry, and had been ordered three months' complete rest and change. The Bishop had recommended Holt as a capable man to whom to intrust the parish during his absence, and the latter had undertaken the charge.

He took up his residence at the Vicarage the day before the Vicar, who was a bachelor, left. And the Vicar that evening gave him his final instructions.

"You will find my curate, Mr. Dunscombe—er—fairly amenable," he said. "His sermons require a little more attention, but he is young, and one must make allowances. I wish he were not *quite* so much addicted to golf; perhaps you may—er—find a chance of saying a word in season to him. I should be grateful."

Merrick Holt lounged in an easy-chair, summing up the Vicar. The latter was a pale man, with light, yellowish hair, thin on the top. He had scarcely any eyebrows. His mouth was weak. His eyes were a trifle watery. He fidgeted continually in his chair and gave one the appearance of a nervous, apprehensive man.

"We have—er—some devoted church workers," he went on. "There is Miss Triggs, a most excellent woman—a trifle too—er—self-opinionated, perhaps, but quite indispensable. And—er—most sympathetic," he added musingly, "most kind in her inquiries since my illness. And then there is Mrs. Blake—yes—devoted to good works. She sent me round a dozen of champagne only last week, but as I am a—er—a teetotaler, I could not use it. But most thoughtful on her part. You will find Mrs. Blake most useful—yes—most useful."

"A widow?" asked Holt, in his quiet voice.

"Exactly—yes. How did you guess that?"

"Oh, my experience is that a widow is more likely to be devoted—to good works,"

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replied Holt, with just the vestige of a smile playing round his lips.

"Quite so, quite so—er—by the way, there is, unfortunately, a little friction between Mrs. Blake and Miss Triggs. I am at a loss to understand why. They both come to the daily services, they are both district visitors, they are both ready to support—er—the church—loyally, but they do not seem, somehow, to be as friendly as—er—fellow-workers should."

Again that quiet smile showed itself for a moment on Holt's face. The Vicar talked on about his parish organisations. Presently he said:

"Oh, by the way, a new parishioner has just come among us—a Major Brand. I have not had time to call upon him yet. I hope you will do so; he may be induced to subscribe to our charities—ah, me, Mr. Holt, the very mention of subscriptions worries me. It is partly the state of our finances that has caused my illness. We have debts on our church restoration, our organ, and many other things."

"You mustn't think about them for three months," said Holt kindly. "I know how anxious you must be about it, though. But you have one very rich parishioner, have you not?"

The Vicar brought his hand down upon the table irritably.

"Mr. Curtis? Yes—but he has never given a single penny to anything. I fear"—and here the Vicar shook his head sadly—"I fear he is a reprobate. He—er—it is very sad, Mr. Holt—he has a training stable just outside the town—on the downs. Yes, yes—unhappily he is addicted to racing."

"Ah, yes," said Holt reflectively, "he is entering a horse for this year's St. Leger, isn't he?"

"I know nothing about the St. Leger," exclaimed the Vicar, rather indignantly. "Of course," he went on, "I approached him. I may say that I—er—bearded him in his den." Holt smiled once more. "I told him plainly that the money he spent on his horses had better be devoted to parish purposes, but he gave nothing."

"And I don't wonder," said Holt to himself, "*I* shouldn't if I were he, I know."

The next morning he went to see the Vicar off at the station. There were others there for the same purpose. But they were of the opposite sex.

"There's safety in numbers, anyhow," mused Holt. "Now I wonder how I'm to deal with these women while he's away—but, there, I don't expect they'll bother me much."

The next day he changed his opinion. He was writing in the Vicarage study when Miss Irene Triggs called to see him and was shown in. She was a woman of forty, in spite of her somewhat juvenile style of dress; her face wore a continuous smiling expression, her eye-lids every now and then drooped in a languid sort of manner. She gazed round the room with a tender glance.

"So *sad* not to see the dear Vicar!" she exclaimed, "and so *strange!*"

"Oh!" said Holt, not very encouragingly, "you want to see me?"

"*Yes.* I must introduce myself. I daresay, though, you have heard of me."

"The Vicar told me—"

"Yes?"

"You were a district visitor."

"How *good* of him to think of me while he is so worried. But he is *so* devoted to his work. Oh, you don't *know*, Mr Holt——"

"Just a little *too* devoted lately, it seems, Miss Triggs," broke in Holt, as he leant back in his chair and put the tips of his fingers together, "let us hope that his three months' rest from his parish will set him up."

"Ah, in*deed*, yes! He has so many worries and anxieties. I am *so* sorry for him. And that is why I came to you. You know there is a debt of three hundred pounds on the church restoration! I thought if *something* could be done while he is away—to help clear it off—it would *cheer* him so much when he comes back—*wouldn't* it?"

"It certainly would," replied Holt, wondering what was coming. "What do you propose to do?"

"Well, last night I was dining out, and I met Major Brand. *He* gave me the idea. He was talking about a bazaar he once got up."

"Oh," groaned Holt inwardly, "we are in for something now!"

"I'm sure he would help me. *Don't* you think I might see what could be done?"

Merrick Holt noticed the personal tone of her request and grasped the situation. For a moment or two he sat thinking it out. His jurisdiction was only temporary, but there was a certain amount of responsibility in it. Finally he temporised by promising to consider the idea, but before Miss Triggs left she gave him plainly to understand that if his sanction were not forthcoming she should nevertheless, follow up her plan.

"I think it is such an opportunity," she said, "and the dear Vicar will be saved all the worry of it."

Two hours later Mrs. Blake and Dunscombe,

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the curate, called together. The former was a younger woman than the spinster, of a rather more dashing type. Her black dress suited her well, and she had a certain commanding air about her that Holt noticed at once. Dunscombe was a little round man, with a good-natured smile on his face and a rather vacuous expression in his eyes.

"We called to see you about an idea of ours," he explained, "that is—it is Mrs. Blake's idea."

Holt glanced from one to the other and agreed with the latter part of the sentence. If there was an idea between them no one would have hesitated in saying that Mrs. Blake owned it.

"I asked Mr. Dunscombe to come with me," said the widow, "because I thought we could discuss it officially. I have been telling him that now the Vicar is away—"

"The cats will play," said Holt to himself.

"—I—we should like to prepare a pleasant little surprise for him on his return. Now, if we could do something to raise some money for the Organ Fund—"

"A bazaar?" suggested Holt.

"The very thing!" exclaimed the widow enthusiastically. "Why, you must be a telepathist, Mr. Holt!"

"So *sad* not to see the dear Vicar!" she exclaimed, "and so *strange!*"

"No," said the Locum Tenens, in his quiet voice. "The striking originality of the idea is not mine. Miss Triggs came to me a couple of hours ago with the proposal."

The curate sat up in his chair, rounded his mouth and eyes, and gave vent to a non-ecclesiastical expression.

"My stars!"

Mrs. Blake also sat up and ejaculated.

"Miss Triggs came to you with the idea of a bazaar! Really! Now isn't that *just* like her, Mr. Dunscombe?"

Mr. Dunscombe feebly acquiesced that it was.

"Of course you are a stranger here, Mr. Holt, but I think you ought to know—eh, Mr. Dunscombe?"

"Certainly," agreed the curate.

"Then tell him, please."

"Yes—what is it?" asked Holt blandly.

"Well—you see," jerked the unhappy mouthpiece, "Miss Triggs is—you know—a bit interfering sometimes. I—er—the Vicar—that is—you see—we have to keep her in her place."

"Exactly!" said the widow, with that touch of satisfaction that we always use when we hear of other people being kept in their place, and we have righteously come out of *ours*.

"And am I expected to perform the Vicar's office in this respect?" asked Holt.

"You *mustn't* let her have her own way," replied Mrs. Blake.

"I see. There is an easy solution." Holt leant back in his chair, crossed his legs, and spoke with the air of a man who was not to be questioned. "You've both got the same idea—you don't want two bazaars. Why not get it up between you?"

The Curate softly apostrophised his head-gear.

"My hat!" he exclaimed.

"*Impossible!*" cried the widow, "you don't know Miss Triggs."

Merrick Holt thought he fairly understood them both. His next sentence showed that he did.

"I think Miss Triggs is quite determined to get up something for the Church Restoration Fund."

That only increased the widow's indignation

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and ardour. Holt kept very quiet and finally suggested that a committee should be called.

He smiled to himself when they left.

"I don't wonder the Vicar was worried—with those two women always about him," he said.

In the evening he was disturbed again—this time it was Major Brand. He was a widower of about fifty-five, with a very fierce moustache and bristling hair. Having been in India he called Holt "Padre" whenever he addressed him.

"Thought as I was the older resident I might call. Thanks—I *will* smoke. Look here, Padre, I've come to see you on business, you know. The church wants money, eh? Always does. I've been telling Miss Triggs there ought to be a bazaar. I've got up dozens of 'em."

"Miss Triggs is quite enthusiastic about you, Major," said Holt slyly.

"Ah—a sensible woman. She agreed with my suggestion."

"Number three with the original idea," thought Holt.

"I should like to help her, Padre," went on the Major. "It's in my line. Besides, Dunscombe's told me there's a rival in the field. Put me on my mettle at once, sir. If you think of having a committee I'll serve on it. Ought to get to work pretty soon, too. Only three months to do it in."

So Merrick Holt took the chair at a select committee the next week. But before he did so he had found out several things about Miss Triggs and Mrs. Blake, enough to make him gather that the Vicar had a pretty rough time of it between them, as weak Vicars who allow too much feminine influence do. He also gathered that if the said Miss Triggs and Mrs. Blake could be put more into the background it would be the better for the parish at large. For they were making the Vicar a laughing-stock with their evident devotion—not to the parish—but to the head of the parish.

The committee meeting began with the rumble of a storm, and then burst into the storm itself. Each of the two women claimed the idea of the Bazaar as her own. Mrs. Blake wanted the proceeds for the Organ Fund, Miss Triggs for the Church Restoration. The Curate supported the former, and the Major, who seemed to have taken a dislike to Dunscombe, the latter. The others were equally divided. Holt, as chairman, was appealed to for a casting vote, but he was equal to the situation.

"Why not divide the proceeds between the funds?" he asked.

Being a diplomatist he carried his point and offended no one. Then a heated discussion arose as to methods. Holt let them talk. He leant back in his chair, sucking his pen, watching first one and then the other—more especially the Major and the Curate. Presently a wicked idea took possession of him; his lips twitched with an involuntary smile.

"It's rather too bad," he said to himself, "but it would be a godsend to the Vicar. I've half a mind to do it."

Then he said out loud:

"I think the best way to settle matters will be to elect two sub-committees, one to take in hand the stalls and the sales generally, the other to arrange the entertainments. I shall propose that Miss Triggs and Major Brand serve on the first committee, and Mrs. Blake and Mr. Dunscombe on the other. As the Vicar's representative I should like to be a member of both."

This idea was taken up enthusiastically by the principals. It was a very diplomatic move, because it gave each lady the opportunity of working a separate scheme, and inflamed the rivalry between them, just as Holt had mischievously determined that it should do.

The two men lingered behind in the study. Finally, the Curate said he wanted to see Holt alone on parish matters. Holt showed the Major to the door.

"You have arranged matters excellently," said the latter, "of course the stalls are the *chief* affair—I saw you understood *that!* Mrs. Blake is inclined to be too officious, and that little tub of a Curate is self-opinionated. I could never have arranged matters to my own satisfaction if they had interfered."

Holt laid his hand on the other's shoulder.

"You consult with Miss Triggs," he said cheerfully, "*she* understands what you want to do."

"Quite so, quite so—a very sensible woman."

When Holt returned he found Dunscombe sitting on the table smoking placidly.

"Thanks awfully," he said. "I'm so glad you sat on Miss Triggs and the Major. You see, *you* understood that people don't come to buy things—they want to be amused. Miss Triggs would have made a hash of the entertainments."

"Ah—you and Mrs. Blake will manage them capitally. I know she's pleased to have your help."

"Well," said the Curate complacently,

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The committee meeting began with the rumble of a storm.

"you see I know something about concerts and waxworks and things. Used to act myself before I was ordained, you know. We'll fix up something. Mrs. Blake has asked me to dinner to talk it over to-night. The Major's too conceited. Don't let him have his own way too much. I wanted to warn you."

"Thank you very much," replied Holt sweetly. When the curate had gone he stretched himself in the most comfortable chair, lit his pipe, and appeared to be enjoying himself very much, to judge by the humorous twitching of his lips.

For the next two months there were constant meetings of the sub-committees, and Holt found himself pretty busy. The curious thing was that each time a committee met they were exceedingly anxious to know what the others had been doing. Merrick Holt dropped judicious hints. He told Mrs. Blake and Dunscombe how the Major had a grand and elaborate scheme for costumes for the stall-holders. Mrs. Blake could not resist her curiosity.

"What is Miss Triggs going to wear?" she asked.

"Oh," drawled Holt, "the Major has some Oriental dresses. She's going to be a Japanese girl, I think."

Mrs. Blake sniffed, and muttered something *sotto voce* about large-teethed, middle-aged women making themselves more ridiculous than a not too kindly Nature had intended them to be.

Holt preserved his gravity and said to Dunscombe afterwards :

"I think the Major imagines that Miss Triggs will look very well in that costume."

Which remark was straightway repeated to Mrs. Blake, whose indignation, however, was much appeased by the Curate assuring her that she would eclipse all rivalry as Cleopatra in the Tableaux

At the other committee meeting Holt took care to let the Major know that Mrs. Blake and Dunscombe were engaging some first-rate artistes for their concert, and that Mrs. Blake was going to sing operatic selections in

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costume, whereupon it was Miss Triggs' turn to elevate her nose and make certain remarks on people whose voices were *passé* and the pity it was they did not know it.

Meanwhile many consultations took place. The Major and Miss Triggs generally stayed behind in the Vicarage study to discuss matters, and Holt was a long time seeing the others off at the door when they did so, while Mrs. Blake frequently fed the fat Curate at her dining-table and allowed him to smoke cigarettes on a full stomach afterwards.

And somehow or other the Vicar's name was less frequently mentioned. The new rivalry seemed to have blotted it out. At first all had been "for the dear Vicar's sake," but absence had seemed to make the heart grow fonder of its own reputation, which thing Holt noticed, to his great satisfaction.

Suddenly, however, the serious side of the matter struck him. It had been agreed now that the profits from the entertainments were to be for the organ, and the remainder for the Church restoration. But the Major on the one hand, and Mrs. Blake on the other, were rapidly running up the expenses. This began to worry Merrick Holt, for he did not wish the affair to be a financial failure. Indeed, he felt himself in a measure responsible for what was taking place.

But an event happened that solved the problem. Merrick Holt was particularly fond of walking exercise, and one evening started for a ramble over the downs that incircle the little town of Worpington. He had walked farther than he had intended and had lingered on a distant hill-top, enjoying a quiet pipe and a very fine sunset. Before he was half way home darkness had set in, and he found it none too easy to follow the right direction, for there was no regular pathway over the downs. In fact, he lost his reckoning more than once.

Suddenly he stopped short, with an exclamation of astonishment. A red glare had shot up into the sky, not very far in front of him. At first he thought it was a rick burning, but as he ran nearer he discovered it was a far more serious affair. The small training stables belonging to Mr. Curtis were evidently on fire. Running still faster he was soon at the scene of the catastrophe. Only a few grooms were about, for the place was quite isolated. There was very little water, and no attempt was being made for the present to extinguish the flames. Something still more serious occupied the attention of the three or four men, and Holt, with his quiet alertness, immediately took in the situation.

Everyone who has witnessed a big fire where stables are concerned knows what flashed across Holt's mind—the difficulty of getting the horses out. Perhaps no animal is so abjectly terrified by fire as a horse.

In the yard outside a boy was, with difficulty, holding two restless animals which had been got out in safety, while, just at the moment a groom came out of the burning stable leading another that was plunging, and kicking—half mad with fright. Standing close by was a dark, thin-faced man, whom Holt recognised as the trainer. He had lost his head almost as completely as the horses, and was shouting frantic directions to the grooms.

"Black Prince! Get him out—Rogerson—do you hear? Why don't you bring out Black Prince—quick——"

A groom, his face blackened and his coat smouldering, came rushing out.

"He won't come, sir!" he exclaimed, "he's clean mad—I——"

The trainer darted forward himself, and disappeared in the stable. Holt spoke firmly to Rogerson.

"Keep your head, man—where's the horse?"

"In the third stall, sir—It's Black Prince. I managed to put his bridle on, but I can't move him."

"I know something about horses," said Holt, still in his invariably quiet voice. Quickly glancing round he picked up a blanket that someone had thrown down, and coolly entered the stable, out of which smoke was pouring. The fire was at the farther end, the flames having burnt in, catching the woodwork inside. In the third stall a horse was plunging and snorting; behind him lay the trainer.

"Kicked down," muttered Holt, picking him up and rushing to the door. "Here—you—take him."

Next moment he was back by the horse. Slipping deftly by his hind-quarters, he managed to reach his head and grasp the bridle. Then he spoke to the animal—just as calmly as if nothing unusual were happening. The poor brute was trembling, but by degrees, never hurrying himself, though the heat was growing intense, Holt, still soothing Black Prince with his soft, mellow voice, managed to turn him round.

He had thrown the blanket over the animal's head now, but, by a masterstroke, he kept his own head under the blanket as well. Slowly he managed to induce Black Prince to move—at last he gained the door.

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Forse, the trainer, who had only been a little stunned, uttered an exclamation of deepest gratitude. Holt consigned the horse to a groom, and looked at his own long clerical coat.

"Hopelessly ruined!" he murmured.

* * * * *

"I don't know how to express my gratitude, Mr. Holt. Black Prince is entered for the St. Leger, and I wouldn't have lost him for worlds."

"No—Lord Doverfield's True Blue would have had no rival, then," said Holt.

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Curtis, a dapper, fresh-faced man of sporting cut and dress, "you seem to know something of the turf."

"Not much," laughed Holt, "but I admire racing as a sport, though I thoroughly disagree with betting. But, you see, an uncle of mine does a lot of racing—he trains a little, too, and as a young man I picked up what little knowledge of horses I have from him—and I *do* know the favourites of the day."

"You've not only a knowledge of horses, but you've real grit and pluck, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Curtis enthusiastically. "I was up in town when the fire happened—we rather think it was foul play—and came down this morning by the first train. They told me all about it. By the Lord Harry, Mr. Holt, I wish you were here as Vicar—you're as different from Crayford, with his pack of women admirers, as chalk is from cheese—and you've saved me thousands. How can I show my gratitude to you?"

Holt leant back in his chair, and thought for a moment or two seriously.

"Well, Mr. Curtis," he said, "if you really feel yourself in my debt, you can show your gratitude in two ways. First, take Mr. Crayford for what he is, a genuine, earnest man, with the welfare of his parish always at heart. Give him credit for it and try to understand him. And the second way——"

But the second way required a long conversation, at the end of which both men shook hands, perfectly satisfied, while Holt accepted the other's invitation to dine that night.

* * * * *

The Bazaar was over. It had taken place with the usual bickerings and jealousies that this hateful form of money-making always brings. Miss Triggs, a raw-boned "Geisha," had presided over the Japanese stall, and the public had paid the inevitable exorbitant prices for the privilege of their custom with her and with the other stall-holders.

The Major was in his element. It was he who had arranged for the hiring of the elaborate costumes of the saleswomen, and the decorating of the stalls. The entertainments had been of the usual kind. Mrs. Blake's "Cleopatra" had been universally admired, and the tubby curate's impersonation of "Antony" had had the usual unkind remarks passed upon it—behind his back. Merrick Holt had taken no particular part in it. Since the night of the fire he had placed no check on the running up of the expenses.

And now, in his study, the four principals and himself were engaged in drawing up a statement of accounts. And the four principals looked very blue, for, omitting the list of items, the two balance sheets were as follows:—

BAZAAR ACCOUNT.

RECEIPTS.	£ s. d.	EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.
Entrance money and sales ...	138 16 5	Hire of hall ...	15 15 0
		Hire of costumes, etc.	47 17 3
		Carpenters' work, various expenses, materials, etc., etc. printing, etc....	72 8 4
			135 14 7

Balance for Church restoration, £3 1s. 10d.

ENTERTAINMENTS ACCOUNT.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Tickets sold and entrance money, sale of programmes, etc....	78 5 3	Printing, etc. ...	7 8 4
		Artistes' fees & expenses... ...	48 7 0
		Sundry expenses, costumes, etc.	23 5 8
			79 1 0

Balance due, 15s. 9d.

"At all events," said the Major, "*we* are not out of pocket. And if the entertainments had been managed with a little more forethought——"

"Oh!" exclaimed the widow indignantly.

"I—er—rise to order. I protest," cried her champion, the Curate.

"We have to face the facts," said Holt sweetly. "I fear the Vicar will be disappointed."

The Major got very red in the face.

"The balance sheet is not published yet," he said. "I should like to give a donation of twenty pounds—anonymously—it can be deducted from the expenses."

"Oh," murmured Irene Triggs. "That is *very* sweet of you, Major!"

And by the glance he returned her, he seemed to think the money well invested.

Then Mrs. Blake spoke.

"I feel," she said, "that as the original idea was mine—and Mr. Dunscombe's——"

"Indeed!" sniffed Miss Triggs.

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"That I am, to a certain extent, responsible; I shall, therefore, give a donation of twenty-five pounds to the Entertainment Account."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Curate, with an admiring round mouth, "it is *too* good of you."

"I presume," suggested Holt, and he could not help the smile appearing this time, "that you do not wish this made public?"

"There is no occasion," said the Major, reddening still more.

"Certainly not!" said the widow.

"Unless you would like me to tell the Vicar of your generosity?" said Holt.

"It has nothing to do with him that I can see," snapped Irene Triggs.

"So long as he gets the profits it cannot matter," added Mrs. Blake.

They never quite understood Holt's closing remarks:

"So the left hand will remain in profound ignorance! I think this is an instance of real charity"

A fortnight later the Rev. Septimus Crayford returned to his parish much refreshed. The sequel lies in the following.

Letter from the manager of the Worpington Bank to the Rev. Septimus Crayford:

SIR,

I have to inform you that an anonymous donation of £580 has been paid into the "Various Church Funds" account. This balances all overdrafts, together with interest thereon.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR BROOKS.

Note left at the Vicarage on Saturday evening by the Parish Clerk:

SIR,

Banns of marriage for publication to-morrow and two following Sundays.

1. Henry Caterham Brand, widower, and Irene Triggs, spinster, both of this Parish.

2. Nicholas Dunscombe, bachelor, and Helen Blanche Blake, widow, both of this Parish.

Extract from letter from the Rev. Septimus Crayford to the Rev. Merrick Holt:

I am truly grateful to you for your kindness and care. My holiday has, I trust, restored me to health, and my greatest worry is no more. I know you will be interested to hear that an anonymous benefactor —*who* I cannot imagine—has paid off the whole of the Parish debts . . . These engagements are a great surprise to me, but I think you may agree that they may be a relief. Sometimes I was rather worried with the almost too intense zeal of the ladies concerned. . . . If you should hear of a good man wanting a curacy, please let me know. . . . Mr. Curtis called yesterday, and was quite friendly. I was glad, too, to see him at church on Sunday.

Extract from a letter from the Rev. Merrick Holt to the Rev. Septimus Crayford:

Many thanks for the cheque. I am glad to have been of use to you. May I suggest that you might, if you see your way to it, congratulate Mr. Curtis on his horse, Black Prince, winning the St. Leger? I feel sure he would take it kindly.

NOBLE ASPIRATIONS.

I'd like to be a Joan of Arc,
A Judith, or a Jael,
And do some mighty deed to make
Men's cheeks turn red or pale.

I'd like to lead an army on
To death or victory;
To open darksome dungeon doors
And set the captives free.

I'd dearly love to show the men,
Who scoff at us and sneer,
One of the so-called weaker sex
Who's yet devoid of fear.

I'd like to do a braver deed
Than e'er was done before;
And——Help! Oh, save me! There's
a mouse
Just run across the floor!

Ada Leonora Harris.

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The Dilemma of Daphne.

And How She Escaped From It.

By Derek Vane.

Daphne Craig had only a limited dress allowance, which did not permit of more than one evening frock a year, and this frock had already been bought and was half worn out. The acuteness of the situation lay in the fact that an invitation had just arrived for her to a fancy dress ball—that she had never been to one before, and that, though she longed to accept, she saw no prospect of going now.

She took out her solitary evening frock and contemplated it mournfully. If she sewed playing cards all over it, would it be possible to go as a "Pack of Cards"? Or, smothered in violets, as a "Bunch of Violets"? Daphne was very fastidious, and she shuddered at the idea of such makeshifts. If she could not dress properly, she would not go at all. But, at the thought of *not* going, tears welled up into her big blue eyes. She was only twenty, and she loved dancing.

"Ten pounds would do it," she said, pathetically addressing the universe. "I don't want more than ten pounds." But there was no response.

She dabbed her eyes rather angrily and began walking up and down the room. Her father was the only person she could ask for money, and she knew he already gave her every penny he could afford. She would rather go without fifty balls than worry him. She looked at her pretty slender hands, and was impatient with their uselessness. Other girls earned money; why shouldn't she? But what was there she could do?

Presently she began to laugh, and Daphne's laugh was not unpleasant to hear. She would take the world into her confidence, or, at least, that part of the world which reads the *Morning Post*. She would offer her services to any one of its readers for a limited period for £10.

Then she sat down to write the advertisement. It was not an easy task, but at last it was done, and, with her heart beating high with hope, she took the precious missive herself to the post.

It did not look as well in print as she had imagined, and she felt a little cast down. She waited in all day a few feet from the letter-box, but night fell without bringing any answers, and she went to bed distinctly depressed. But joy came in the morning. On her plate at breakfast was an envelope addressed to "Spero." She tore it open with eager fingers. The inclosure was brief and to the point.

"Mr. Crawford would be greatly obliged if 'Spero' would call at 5 Mortimer Street, Bethnal Green, as soon as possible."

Her joy was dimmed a little by the address. "Bethnal Green" did not sound very promising. She could not imagine how her

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services could be worth £10 to anybody living in that poverty-stricken neighbourhood. However, she dressed herself carefully and started out on her voyage of discovery.

She found Mr. Crawford in a particularly clean and particularly depressing-looking sitting-room. There was nothing in it that was not absolutely necessary, from the bare deal table to the straight-backed chairs, which gave no encouragement to loll. Mr. Crawford himself presented a startling contrast to his surroundings. He was a handsome young man whose severe style of dress and living could not hide his original nature, which was evidently gay and worldly. He looked as though he would have been far more at home in Pall Mall than Bethnal Green.

He received Daphne with some surprise, as though she were not exactly what he had expected, and seemed embarrassed how to begin. After one or two false starts he got away at last.

"The fact is," he said desperately, "that I'm in a tight corner, and when I saw your advertisement I thought it might be a chance. But I'm afraid you're too good—that it wouldn't be suitable," getting confused again.

"Tell me what it is, at all events," Daphne said smiling. She was not at all afraid of this big, pleasant young fellow who treated her with such respect. She felt a distinct inclination to help him if she could.

"But it's so absurd!" breaking into a boyish laugh. "I hardly know how to explain, I don't suppose you've ever heard anything so ridiculous before. I have an uncle——"

"Well, there doesn't seem anything very ridiculous in that," Daphne said, as he hesitated.

"No, not if he were an ordinary uncle, but he isn't. He's as different as a meteor from fixed stars; you never know where he will break out next. He's a dear old boy, and I'm very fond of him, but living on a volcano would be peace and safety to my fevered existence. You wouldn't believe the things I've done. I've been an actor, a poet, a market-gardener, and a hundred other things already. It's not much wonder that I hardly know what I am myself now."

Daphne looked at him a little in alarm. Was his brain affected? It would be a great pity in so young and handsome a man.

"You see, I'm his heir; so, of course, he expects me to carry out his wishes; and I wouldn't complain if he'd stick to one thing for at least six months. But he doesn't. If any fresh idea crops up he goes for it at once with the greatest enthusiasm. As long as the craze lasts he is more enthusiastic than the inventor. When the open-air treatment first came in he and I slept out of doors in torrents of rain, until we both got pneumonia; and when somebody said that boxing was a cure for all ills, we used to spar whenever and wherever the fancy took him, until we were more than once nearly hauled off to the police-station."

"And what is the latest craze?" Daphne asked smiling, beginning to understand.

"'Plain living and high thinking.' That," looking round ruefully, "is the reason I am here. He said I must come to a poor neighbourhood and raise the tone. Just think of it! Why, they would be justified in hanging me to the nearest lamp-post if I suggested any plainer living than they have at present, poor dev—things! But it would be no use trying to explain this to Uncle George. A day or two ago I heard that he was coming up to see what progress I had made, and I've been nearly distracted ever since.

"That is why," looking at her with deprecating intreaty, "when I saw your advertisement, I thought you might help me. I'm at my wits' end, or I wouldn't presume to suggest such a thing. But he'll be here before I have time to look round."

"But what can I do?" she asked in amazement. "I sympathise with your difficult position, but how can I alleviate it?"

"If—if you could be a convert!" he suggested. "If I could show you to Uncle George as a proof of what I had done he would go home quite satisfied, and in another week or two he'll probably have a fresh fad. I know it's asking a lot, but if you could——" His looks were more eloquent than words. "He takes these things so seriously, you see, that I daren't thwart him. He has a weak heart."

"But how—how," her cheeks dimpling, "can I be a convert? What should I have to do?"

"I would take rooms for you near here, and they would have to be scrubbed till they reeked of yellow soap, and furnished—or, rather, unfurnished—to resemble these. Then we would call unexpectedly, and find you engaged in plain needlework with a serious book open before you, into which you would dip occasionally." He grew quite eager and enthusiastic as he described the scene, and Daphne listened almost as eagerly.

"I hope you will pardon my suggesting

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that you should dress as plainly as possible, and—and if you didn't mind brushing your hair back, it would be an advantage — from the convert point of view, of course, I mean," he added hastily. "It might make you look older and more serious. You hardly suggest plain living and high thinking just at present," with a smile.

"Indeed," said Daphne rather indignantly, "I'm not a bit of a glutton except over chocolates; and we read 'Paradise Lost' right through at school."

Mr. Crawford apologised profusely, and they went on to discuss other details. By the time Daphne got up to go, she had entered quite into the spirit of the thing, and was resolved to play her part to the best of her ability.

"The fact is," he said desperately, "that I'm in a tight corner."

It required all her resolution when the eventful morning arrived to brush her forehead clear of the soft curls that were so becoming, but she set her teeth and made the sacrifice complete. Not a hair was allowed to remain. Then she put on a plain black dress, and, taking with her an apron of unbleached calico whose harshness made her shudder, she set out for Bethnal Green. She had seen Mr. Crawford more than once, and knew exactly what to do and where to go. She found the rooms as clean and destitute of distractions as the plainest liver and highest thinker could desire. She arranged her work-basket on the table, opened a small volume of Epictetus which she had abstracted from her father's library, and having ascertained that not a speck of dust could be found anywhere, she sat down on one of the hard chairs.

Daphne was not accustomed to needlework, and it was some time before she got, so to speak, under way. She pricked her forefinger so often that her progress was marked by little red dots, and the calico puckered unaccountably. However, she was regarding her seam with pride and complacency, when she was startled into attention by footsteps on the stairs. They were coming! Her heart beat fast. Suppose she were found out, what would her punishment be? A reprimand, a fine, imprisonment, hard labour? . . .

She had got so far when there was a knock at the door, and Mr. Crawford came in, followed by an elderly gentleman. They

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Mr. Crawford . . . introduced his companion as "my uncle, Mr. Finch."

shook hands nervously, and he introduced his companion as "my uncle, Mr. Finch."

"This is the lady I was telling you about, Uncle George. She is an enthusiastic supporter of your views. I am sure you will enjoy a little chat with her."

"If we are not interrupting Miss Craig, I should be charmed," Mr. Finch said courteously, as he glanced round the bare white-washed room with an approving eye. "It is not often that one meets with a kindred spirit, but I venture to think I shall find one here."

"Whatever I am, I owe to your nephew," Daphne said loyally. "He brought me into the light. He made me see the folly of eating and drinking to live—I mean of living to eat and drink—of talking about my neighbours when I can talk about the stars, of mixing with the frivolous and ignorant when I can have such a man as *this* for my companion," laying her hand on Epictetus.

Mr. Finch was obviously impressed, and glancing through her eyelashes Daphne saw that his nephew was regarding her with unqualified admiration.

"And who may your friend be?" Mr. Finch inquired deferentially, looking down at the book.

"The Greek philosopher, Epictetus. He is so simple, and yet so wise; every word gives one food for thought. Here he says," with a swift glance at the open page, "that 'Things are what they are.' How true that is—and how wonderful! And again: 'Everything has two handles.' If we could only remember that, what a lot of trouble we should be saved!"

Mr. Finch was still further impressed. He knew nothing of Epictetus, but he made up his mind that such crass ignorance should be remedied that very day.

"And you are quite happy?" he asked. "You—you will pardon me—are perhaps rather young for the simple life. It is not everybody who can appreciate its beauties."

"Happy is not the word," she rejoined enthusiastically (and it certainly would not have been). "As Shakespeare says: 'I feel my heart new opened.' And what is youth?' contemptuously. "It is, or should be, a preparation for age."

Mr. Crawford stared aghast at this dreary sentiment, given with such conviction. He began to wonder whether Daphne were a real convert after all. But she was too pleased with herself to notice him; she felt the triumph of an actress who is making her mark.

"I hope Harold shares your noble sentiments," Mr. Finch said, looking at his nephew. "I am afraid he has not your gift of expression or charming enthusiasm. I am sure everybody in this house must be the better for your influence."

At that moment a blood-curdling yell came

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up from below. It was only the landlady's usual greeting of her erring spouse when he returned from the "Spotted Dog." But of course Mr. Finch could not be expected to know that, and he started visibly.

"When one has followed the honoured callings of actor, poet, and market-gardener within a few short years, one loses something perhaps of one's first fresh enthusiasm for new ideas," Harold interposed hastily, trying to drown the shrill voice which raged below.

"They were all worthy pursuits in their way, and an excellent preparation for the simple life," Mr. Finch said a little testily. "You know now what a meretricious existence the mummer leads, how tawdry and unreal! How different from this beautiful simplicity! Your experience of the poetic muse should have taught you to find 'books in the running brooks and good in everything.' And as a market gardener—" He hesitated, but went on triumphantly the next moment: "As a market-gardener you went back to the land.

"But," looking at his watch, "we must not intrude any longer on Miss Craig. I esteem it a great privilege to have been permitted to make her acquaintance"—with a courtly bow—"and I cherish the hope that it may be renewed at no very distant date."

Daphne could not have sworn to it, but she had a distinct impression that Harold's lips formed the words, "Hear!—Hear!" at this moment.

"I will own," Mr. Finch went on, "that I am beginning to feel hungry. I breakfasted some hours ago on a loaf, a lettuce, and a glass of spring water. We will lunch together, Harold." Harold tried to look pleased, but succeeded rather badly. "Now, if Miss Craig would tell us what she is going to have herself, we could order the same. I am sure we couldn't have a better guide."

Daphne looked alarmed. She had no idea what the simple life had for its lunch. But she advanced gallantly to the breach.

"An egg," she suggested, "and—er—rice pudding and lemonade." She glanced at Harold's face and turned away quickly. The "*Et tu, Brute*" expression was strongly marked.

"Just the thing!" Mr. Finch exclaimed enthusiastically. "Nothing in that to disturb the cool train of thought—to dull the intellect. Isn't it old Omar who sings: 'Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough'? That is all we really need—the staff of life and plenty of fresh air." He was glad he had thought of Omar. It was a set-off to Epictetus.

"You've forgotten the flask of wine, which Omar never did," Harold said rather crossly. It seemed to him that Uncle George was monopolising Miss Craig's attention more than was necessary.

However, a glance from Daphne's blue eyes reassured him, and he went away in the highest spirits. His scheme had been brilliantly successful—and in more ways than one. If he had not answered that blessed advertisement he would never have met the most charming girl in the world. He would have remained in the pitiable ignorance of most men and been content with the second-best. Now—well! now. . . His heart was so light that he took the stairs in leaps and bounds, making so much noise that the lady below rushed out again, intent on capture.

Fortunately, Uncle George's next craze had to do with microbes—some wonderful scientist having discovered that the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief" was the one to be adopted with the wily germ—and experiments by outsiders were not recommended, except to those tired of life. So that Daphne and Harold had plenty of time to enjoy a new experience of their own—but as old as the age of the world—while Uncle George haunted the steps of the microbe-man, and hid in obscure corners of his laboratory.

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Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford (Madame Clara Butt) at a concert given to the children of Huddersfield, March 6th, 1907. Except the goodwill of the public, Madame Clara Butt values this photo more than anything.

My Most Treasured Possession.

A Description by Celebrated Musicians of the One Thing in the World they Value Most.

MADAME CLARA BUTT.

(The world-famous contralto, who has achieved so many triumphs by her wonderful singing.

THE possession which is to me the most precious is an intangible, yet ever-present one. Although it cannot be measured by so many feet, or weighed by the measure of so much avoirdupois, it is none the less a real and priceless possession. Wherever I go fresh indications are ever springing up to show me that in truth this gift is my own, and at every fresh instance of its presence my heart is made glad because it is beside me. I find it hard to express what I mean without seeming, perhaps, a trifle presumptuous and self-glorying; but these feelings are in truth far from my mind whenever I think about this possession of mine which I most treasure.

I refer to the wonderful sympathy, goodwill, and national love which I encounter from my fellow-countrymen wherever I may go; and it is the thought that the British public have really opened their hearts to me in this way, giving me so genuinely of their honest love, which makes me place this gift of theirs before all others, and refer to it always as my most treasured possession.

MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

(The celebrated baritone, who, with his wife, Mme. Clara Butt, has sung himself into the hearts of everyone both in the United Kingdom and the Colonies.)

I can answer the question: "What is my most treasured possession?" with the greatest ease; and I believe that when I have done so there will not be found a single person in the world who can disagree with my choice.

My most treasured possession is contained in the photograph that accompanies this confession; and directly the reader has glanced at the picture he will realise at once the truth of what I say. It is not everyone whose answer to such a question as the one I have quoted above will awaken a sympathetic response in the hearts of the people of three continents; but I believe that mine will do so, for my most treasured possession is my own dear wife.

MR. I. J. PADEREWSKI.

(The world's leading and most brilliant pianist, whose extraordinary genius has enthralled millions of people in all parts of the globe.)

It is only natural that the love of a musician for his instrument should be very great, for it is part of himself almost. The selection of my

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Photo *George L. Eves.*
A picture of Mr. Kennerley Rumford's most treasured possession—his wife.

Photo *Elliott & Fry*
Mr. Paderewski, the world-famous pianist, values nothing so highly as his piano—an Erard grand.

most treasured possession does not therefore trouble me very much, and I can say, straightaway, that it takes the shape of my favourite piano, an Erard grand, which occupies the place of honour in the music-room at my home in Poland. It is just an ordinary and, as you say in England, common or garden specimen of its kind, and it is not for any external beauty or intrinsic value that I treasure it so dearly. It is its perfect ability to give expression to my every emotion, to put into words, as it were, all the feeling in my soul, that makes it so dear to me. It responds at once to the most gentle caress of my fingers. It and I never quarrel. We are always in harmony with each other. If I am sad it sings of sadness, if I am joyful it is happy, too. Yes, my piano is my most treasured possession.

MR. RICHARD BUHLIG.

(The well-known pianist, whose playing, particularly of the music of Liszt and Brahms, is quickly bringing him to the very front rank.)

I do not suppose that anyone would guess what I consider my most treasured possession. I choose no curio that I picked up cheaply, no present given to me by a dear friend, nor anything for which I paid a heavy price, or made a great sacrifice in order that I might obtain it. No, what I treasure most was given me at birth, and my gratitude for the gift will remain with me till my death.

My hands are my most treasured possession.

Possibly the man in the street does not know what an enormous amount of care an instrumentalist is obliged to take of his hands, and of what immense intrinsic value they are to

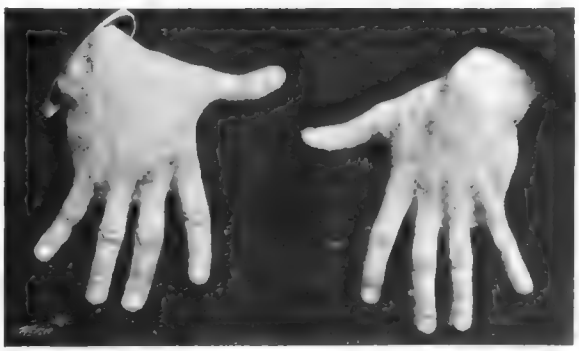

Photo *Fenlsham & Banfield.*
Mr. Richard Buhlig, another great pianist, considers his hands are his greatest treasure.

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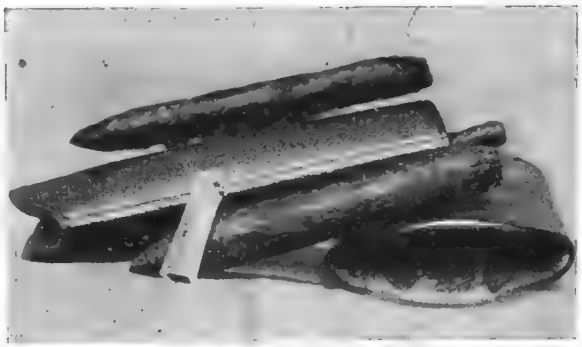
him. A slight sprain of the wrist, a bad cut, or a bruise may not only mean the loss of hundreds of pounds through the missing of current engagements, but may mean the permanent lessening of the artist's earning capacity. It is for this reason that all instrumentalists insure their hands for large sums, both against accidents and loss, while they carefully avoid every sort of recreation and amusement likely to damage them, and, in fact, take as much care of them as a miser would of his hoarded wealth.



Three cigars, a half-burnt cigarette, a leather cigar-case, and a long grey hair, which is wrapped around one of the cigars, are esteemed by Mr. Mark Hambourg more than anything he possesses, since all at one time belonged to Liszt. The cigarette was partly smoked by him.

MISS MARIE HALL.

(The famous violinist, who has won such widespread popularity.)

One's most treasured possession should be dear, I suppose, not only because one is fond of that particular thing, but also because it reminds one of pleasant circumstances or happy memories. At any rate, that is the case with my most treasured possession, for I never use it without remembering how it stands to me for the love and goodwill of a great number of people, many of whom I have not the pleasure of actually knowing personally, but who are, nevertheless, linked in bonds of sympathy with me, by reason of our mutual love for music. The possession in question is a violin, and I value it above all other instruments because it was subscribed for publicly in England, purchased for the sum of £2000, and presented to me as a very gratifying token of esteem.

MR. MARK HAMBOURG.

(The famous pianist, who recently spent a second honeymoon in South Africa, where, accompanied by his wife, he engaged upon an extensive tour.)

Of all the mementoes I treasure, I do not

More than anything else Miss Marie Hall prizes a violin purchased for her by public subscription at a cost of £2000.

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know that there is anything I value more than an old-fashioned leather cigar-case, containing three cigars, around one of which is wound a long grey hair.

At first sight this does not seem to be a thing of very great value, but when I tell you that it was once the property of Liszt, and that the long grey hair was his, you will readily understand how its associations appeal to me—for Liszt was the father of the piano, in that he was the first of all the great virtuosi of the instrument.

The cigar-case in my possession was in his possession in the year 1870, when he was living at Weimar. Like many great artists he was somewhat absent-minded, and was constantly leaving his cigar-case about the house. Among his personal friends at that time was Mme. Marianne Brandt, and she was constantly finding his cigar-case and giving it back to him. One day, when she had returned it to him several times, he at last bade her keep it in his memory.

The grey hair belonged to another incident, for Liszt pulled it from his head one afternoon, along with several others, at the request of several ladies who wished for one of his hairs as a keepsake. Mme. Brandt received one of them, and immediately wrapped it round the cigar, where it has remained ever since. She did me the honour of presenting me with this little memento of Liszt when I was on the Continent some years ago.

Curious mementoes, you say? Perhaps so, and at any rate unique. Can you wonder that I prize them very highly?

Photo *M. Shadwell-Clerke.*

Madame Alice Esty's most treasured possession is a gramophone presented to her by the Gramophone and Typewriter Company.

Mme. ALICE ESTY.

(The well-known Prima Donna.)

I really think that my most treasured possession is a gramophone which was given me as a present by the Gramophone and Typewriter Company. With its aid I can sit in my easy-chair at home and listen to the singing of the world's best performers without any further trouble at all, while; if I happen to have any guests, our enjoyment of the evening is greatly enhanced, after dinner, by the presence of my machine, which never refuses "to oblige" with a song when requested. It will even save me trouble in this respect, for, should anybody ask me to sing, I have only to turn my gramophone on, and their request is answered without any further trouble on my part at all!

Yes, I find it a great convenience, and, moreover, the gramophone has done more for me than serve as a means of entertainment. It has given me immortality!

Even when my voice is silent for ever, future generations will, thanks to the gramophone, be able to hear me sing through its agency, and thus as a singer I am doubly indebted to this faithful friend.

MR. PERCY GRAINGER.

(The well-known young pianist and Folk-song collector, whose playing of Norwegian Folk-music has earned the highest praise from Grieg himself.)

The possession that I treasure most came into my hands in rather a funny way. I am a very keen collector of old Folk-songs, and spend a considerable part of my time

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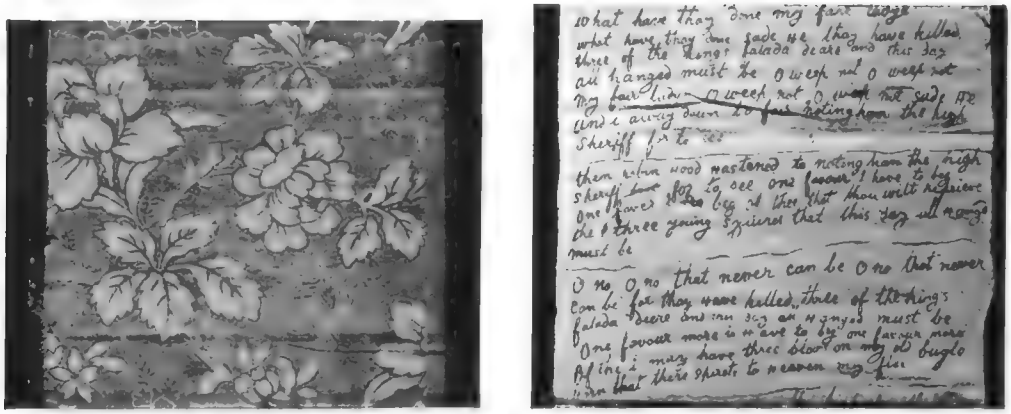

Mr. Percy Grainger treasures above all things a piece of wall-paper with a Folk-song written on the back of it. An old labourer tore the paper from his parlour wall, wrote the words on the back of it, and gave them to Mr. Grainger, who is an enthusiastic collector of Folk-songs.

travelling about England, collecting as many of these songs as I can get hold of from the old singers in our country hamlets and villages. When I come across an old man or woman who knows any songs, I coax him or her to sing them to me, and, in order to obtain a perfectly accurate record of what has been sung, I use a phonograph for taking down the verses of each song from the singer's lips. By this means I am able to collect a most interesting mass of English Folk-songs, with every little peculiarity of their singing carefully preserved.

One day I was talking to an old man in his cottage, in a village of north Lincolnshire, about Folk-music, and during the course of conversation a song was mentioned, the words of which I was particularly anxious to get. I told my companion as much, upon which the dear old fellow at once assured me that he knew them himself, and would be delighted to give me them. With that he got up, found a pencil, and, tearing down a long strip of wall-paper from his cottage parlour wall, he proceeded to write out, with laborious care, the verses of the song in question. I have preserved his manuscript carefully ever since, and it is to-day my most treasured possession.

✚ ✚ ✚ ✚ ✚ ✚ ✚

A PASTORAL

Said the rustic in the glade:
"Love is like a summer dream!"
Quoth the laughing milking maid:
"Love is like a dish of cream—
After its first luscious hour
Apt to get a little sour."

A. G. M.

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CAP & BELLS

A CHANCE FOR AMATEUR TALENT.

A newly-appointed crier in a county court in Australia, where there are many Chinese, was ordered by the judge to summon a witness to the stand.

"Call for Ah Song," was the command.

He was puzzled for a moment. He glanced shyly at the judge and found him as grave as an undertaker. Then, turning to the spectators, he blandly simpered: "Gentlemen, would any of you favour his worship with a song?"

* * * * *

COULD HE SAY MORE?

A district visitor was talking to a man who had recently been in that species of "trouble" which is associated with high walls and iron bars.

"And was the prison chaplain kind to you, my man?" she inquired tenderly.

"Kind, miss? Why, bless you, he couldn't have been kinder to me if I had been condemned to be hanged."

* * * * *

NOT EXTORTIONATE.

The guest was eating more butter than biscuit, while the landlady looked on, and fidgeted and hinted, until she fairly went into a nervous fit. Finally she said:

"Do you know that butter has gone up to eighteenpence a pound?"

The hungry guest reached out and took what was left. "Well," he drawled, approvingly and reassuringly, "*good* butter is worth it."

AN ARDUOUS OCCUPATION.

"Why don't you go to work?" she asked of a tramp.

"I am a-working, lady."

"At what? You show no signs of it."

"No matter for that, mum. I'm a-working as a travelling advertisement for a soap firm. I'm the 'Before Using' card; and my partner round the corner represents the 'After Using' end of the combination. Thank you, mum."

* * * * *

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

A rather precocious child had his christening unfortunately deferred until he was able to talk, and at the font was lifted in his father's arms for the ceremony. After the minister had dipped his fingers in the water, and made the sign of the Cross on the forehead, the unawed child leant down, and catching up the sleeve of his white gown, wiped the water away, calmly remarking: "Baby's face clean. Don't want wassin'; dot it wassed 'fore us tummed out."

* * * * *

POOR WRETCH!

MRS. SKOTTE: "Just think of it. There is a policeman visiting our ugly old cook."

MR. SKOTTE: "Goodness! How hungry that poor man must be."

Drowning Lady (to shop assistant on the bank): "Help, I'm drowning! Throw me a lifebelt."

Affable Shop Assistant: "Certainly, madam, what size do you take?"

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CHEAP REFRESHMENT.

Mr. Thomas Stingy is precisely what his name would signify. The other day a friend visited him. It was very hot, and after a few words had been interchanged Mr. Stingy asked his caller: "Would you like to have some refreshment?"

"With great pleasure, dear old boy," exclaimed the poor fellow, who was terribly thirsty.

"All right. I will open the windows. We'll have some breeze."

* * * *

NOTHING OF THE KIND.

HE (fiercely): "We don't need that rug any more than a cat needs two tails. How often have I told you, my dear, never to buy anything because it is cheap?"

SHE (with air of one who has got the better of an argument): "But it wasn't cheap, my love; it cost five pounds."

* * * *

"WE CAN GET IT FOR YOU."

"What do you charge for a quart of your milk here?" asked a man, as he put his head in at the door of a milk shop.

"Fourpence," was the reply.

"Ain't you got any for threepence?"

"No," said the proprietor; "but," he added, "we can soon make you some."

* * * *

RATHER AN ADVANTAGE.

In a restaurant the other evening a waiter was apologising to a guest for the dilapidated state of his serviette.

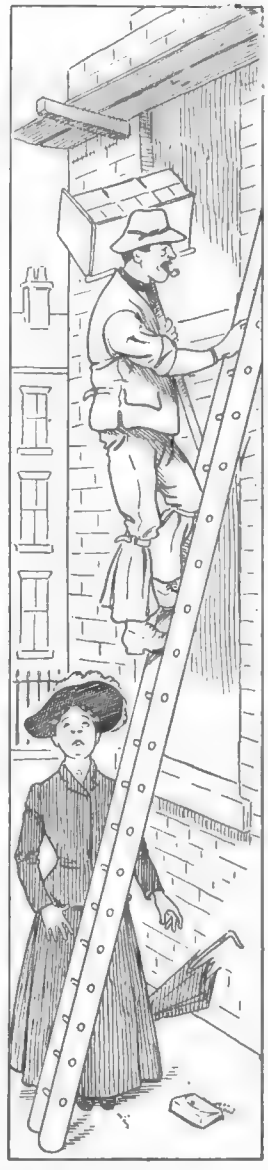
"Don't mention it," said the customer sadly, "I don't mind the hole in the least; that part of the serviette is always sure to be clean."

* * * *

ANOTHER WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

"You shouldn't smoke so many cigars; each one is a nail in your coffin."

"That's all right. I'll have it so full of nails pretty soon that there won't be any room for me."



A young woman married a man who told her he was an "architect's assistant." She became disconsolate upon discovering next day that he assisted the architect by carrying bricks up a ladder, in a hod.

THE INQUIRING MIND.

It was little Dot's first visit to a farm, and she went with her aunt to see how the pigs were fed. The little one gazed in astonishment at the young porkers for a moment, and then placing her hand on her curly hair, she said reflectively:

"Aunty!"

"Yes, dear."

"Does 'oo put all the piggies' tails in curl papers?"

* * * *

REALLY! TRULY!

Did you know a daisy white,
Planted on its head,
When it struggles to the light
Is a daisy red?
All red daisies gardens yield—
To this fact I swear—
Once were daisies in a field:
Molly says they were.

Id you know that wolves and bears
Hide beneath the bed,
Waiting grimly till one dares
To put out one's head?
Yet they can be kept at bay
By a simple plan—
Just a nightlight on a tray:
Molly says they can.

Isabel Butchart.

* * * *

THE EXPLANATION.

COLLEY: "What business are you in now?"

KELLY: "I am in the meat business."

COLLEY (incredulously): "Where is your shop?"

KELLY: "I haven't any shop. I am the ham in an advertising sandwich."

* * * *

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

A Cornish editor appeals to his subscribers in this charming way: "If you have frequent headaches, dizziness, and fainting spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, chilblains, epilepsy, and jaundice, it is a sign not only that you are not well, but that you are liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription a year in advance, and thus make yourself safe for a good obituary notice."

PURSER: "YOU ARE TOO LATE FOR A STATE ROOM. THE LAST ONE IS GONE."
NERVOUS TOURIST: "STATE ROOM. WHO WANTS A STATE ROOM? GIVE ME A RESERVED SEAT IN THE LIFEBOAT."

[*CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.*]

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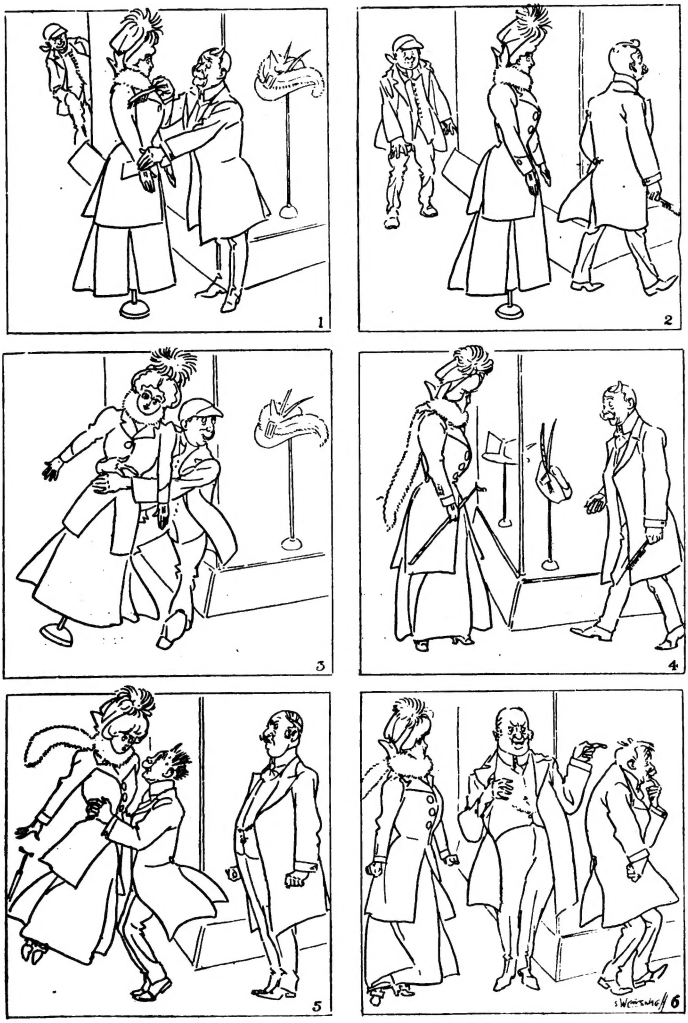
A SLIGHT MISTAKE.



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"Jack! Jack!! Didn't you hear me calling you to come and have your dinner?"
"I didn't the first three times, and the fourth time I had a bite."

IN ARCADY.

How sweet and fresh this stimulating breeze,
Laden with fragrance that is purely gladdening!
(Confound these flies! They pester and they tease—
'Tis simply maddening.)

Hedges of woodbine and of bramble-rose,
Free gifts of Nature, bountiful provider—
(I'm sure there's something crawling on my nose—
Ah, yes, a spider.)

Of Nature, mighty mother, I will beg
The boon of vision, to inspire and teach—
(What can it be that's creeping up my leg,
Just out of reach?)

How rich and how delightful are the leas,
With tapestry of flowers and grass delicious!
(I must control my language, but these bees
Are most pernicious.)

The wayside cot is all embowered with plants
And bloom suggestive of Elysian regions—
(No need to send the sluggard to the ants—
They come in legions.)

Hear how the lark is carolling unseen,
Soaring as when the morning gleams arouse ner!
(Dear me! that dewy grass has left its green
Upon my trouser.)

O happy land of tillage, mead, and down,
Where joy and innocence abide in plenty!
(Upon my word, I'm going back to town
By the two-twenty.)

A. L. S.

* * * * *

AT THE GREENGROCER'S.

"You charge twice as much for these tomatoes as they do down the street. Why is that?"

And the young housewife looked searchingly at the greengrocer with her keen eyes.

The man faltered an instant, and then, boldly meeting the sharp orbs of the inquirer, replied in a firm voice:

"These are hand-picked tomatoes, madam."

"I beg your pardon," she said meekly. "That being the case, give me three pounds, please."

* * * * *

GIVING HIMSELF AWAY.

She never knew he was only a waiter, for he had basely told her he was a gentleman of independent means. One hot day they were sitting in Hyde Park. He felt very drowsy; she felt very loving.

"John," she whispered, "do you love me?"

"Eh? What?" opening his eyes. "Love you? Of course I do, darling," and again his eyes closed.

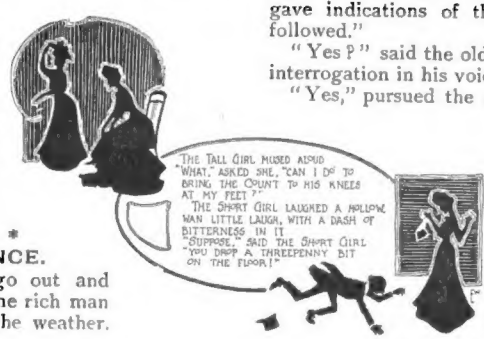
"How much?" she asked; and he dreamily said:

"Roas' beef, shilling, sir; taters, tuppence; cabbage, tuppence, sir; bread, penny; half-stout, tuppence; one an' ten, please, sir."

* * * *

THE DIFFERENCE.

The poor man must go out and weather the storm, while the rich man can stay in and storm at the weather.


THE TALL GIRL MUSED ALOUD "WHAT," ASKED SHE, "CAN I DO TO BRING THE COUNT TO HIS KNEES AT MY FEET?"
THE SHORT GIRL LAUGHED A HOLLOW WAN LITTLE LAUGH, WITH A DASH OF BITTERNESS IN IT. "SUPPOSE," SAID THE SHORT GIRL, "YOU DROP A THREEPENNY BIT ON THE FLOOR!"

A LONG SERMON.

A renowned clergyman of Lincolnshire once preached rather a long sermon from the text: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

After the congregation had listened for about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped his sermon and said:

"That is right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed, pass out."

He continued his sermon some time after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

* * * * *

BEGINNINGS OF GREAT MEN.

"It was here, in this old school-house," mused the man with the big diamond pin, who had returned after an absence of thirty years to the scene of his boyhood days, "that I learnt my letters. It was here that I laid the foundation, so to speak, of all my success in life. Even then," he continued, "I gave indications of the business career I have followed."

"Yes?" said the old schoolmaster with a note of interrogation in his voice.

"Yes," pursued the other, pointing with his cane to the paper wads still visible on the smoke-blackened ceiling, "do you see these?"

"Yes."

"Well, I threw them there."

"And now?"

"And now I am the owner of a large paper mill."

[*CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.*]

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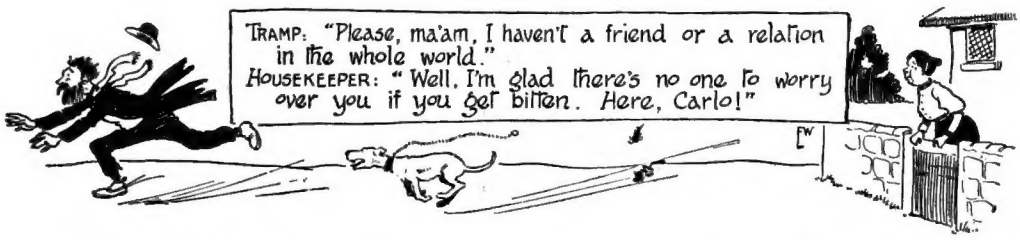

TRAMP: "Please, ma'am, I haven't a friend or a relation in the whole world."
HOUSEKEEPER: "Well, I'm glad there's no one to worry over you if you get bitten. Here, Carlo!"

SNATCHED FROM PROMOTION.

There is a good story of a French imitator of Jack Sheppard and Claude Duval. The boy was arrested, with his band, and wept bitterly.

"Don't cry your eyes out," said his captor, not unkindly. "It is not so terrible a matter, the punishment for stealing a pocket handkerchief."

"But I was getting on so well," whimpered the boy; "I was highly thought of by my chiefs. I was going to be promoted from prigging wipes to nobbling tickers."

* * * *

A CRUEL CUT.

'BUS DRIVER (to director of van in front, which is blocking the way): "J'yer, get on, get on. You've been keepin' us waiting five minutes."

VAN DRIVER (turning round): "Five minutes? Well, that ain't so long. You 'ad to wait five years once, 'adn't you?"

* * * *

STRICTLY ACCURATE.

MOTHER: "Now, Georgie, I shall tell your pa to punish you severely for telling an untruth. You said you didn't touch one of those six peaches, and there is only one left, and I found the five stones in your nursery."

GEORGIE: "I told no story, mamma. The peach I didn't touch is the one that's left."

* * * * *

APPALLING.

"Dauber had a frightful nightmare the other night."

"What was it?"

"He imagined that he was rowing one of the boats he draws in his pictures of lakes and rivers."

Reporter: "What shall I say about old Mullgrubs? He kicked me downstairs."

Editor: "Oh, just that he declined, with much emphasis, to express any opinions whatever to-day."

OUT OF HIS WAY.

LADY OF THE HOUSE (to new page, fresh from the country): "Now, Adolphus, I want you to take Ponto out for his afternoon walk; and, as you have not seen many of the sights of London, you had better go along the Embankment and see Cleopatra's Needle. You know, it is very old—so old that Moses probably saw it when he led the Israelites out of Egypt."

PAGE BOY (with astonishment): "Lor', now, mum, to think that he should have come all this way round.'

* * * *

AS IT REALLY IS.

BEGGAR: "Please, sir, will you lend me a penny to get something to eat?"

GENTLEMAN: "You've got sixpence in your hand now. What's that for?"

BEGGAR: "That's to tip the waiter."

* * * *

STUMPED.

A young man home from college, wishing to inspire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star and said:

"Sis, do you see that bright little luminary? It's bigger than this whole world."

"No, 'taint," said Sis.

"Yes, it is," declared the young collegian.

"Then why don't it keep off the rain?" was the triumphant rejoinder.

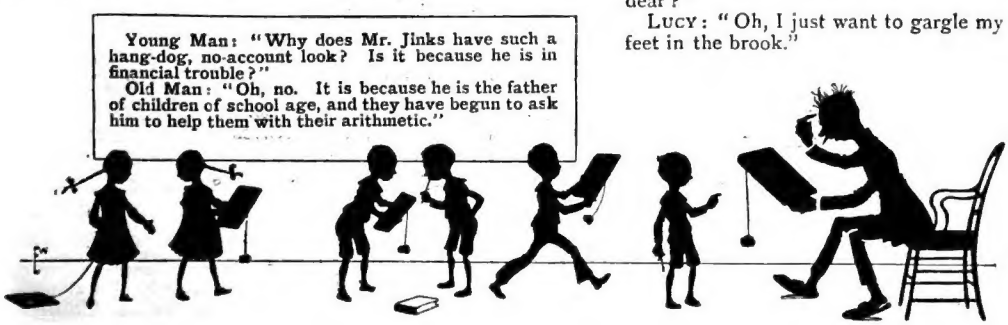
* * * * *

NO MORE.

LUCY: "Mamma, may I go over there to the bridge?"

MAMMA: "Why do you want to go over there, dear?"

LUCY: "Oh, I just want to gargle my feet in the brook."


Young Man: "Why does Mr. Jinks have such a hang-dog, no-account look? Is it because he is in financial trouble?"
Old Man: "Oh, no. It is because he is the father of children of school age, and they have begun to ask him to help them with their arithmetic."

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

ABOUT A NEW PAPER, AND A WORD OF GOSSIP.

THE SCOUT.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

I HAVE an announcement to make this month which, I feel certain, will be of interest to all of you. Readers of THE ROYAL, I have the pleasure to introduce to your notice a new penny weekly paper—*The Scout!*

Now *The Scout* is a very special paper for more than one reason. Firstly, its founder and editor is Lieut.-General Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking. Secondly, it is planned to appeal to all boys and young men who love their country. The ideas that go to its making are national and imperial ideas. It is a paper of a new type, full of bright stories and stirring pictures. Lieut.-General Baden-Powell writes for it every week.

There is no room for me to dwell here on the very excellent idea that actuated B.-P. in starting this new paper. You can learn all about his scheme from a copy of No. 1, and that same copy is only one penny. Will you buy one, read it yourself, and then hand it to a friend?

MARRIAGE AND LITERATURE.

QUEER questions people ask one—as editor! A gentleman, from whom I had recently accepted a story, wrote to me a short while ago, marking the letter private, and inquiring very gravely whether I thought that *marriage* would interfere with his literary attainments and prospects. His attainments are—this story which I have taken; his prospects, so far as I know, stories I may eventually accept. No, I fail to see any reason why marriage should spoil his chances. But I should certainly advise him not to marry on the income he expects to receive from his literary work.

ANOTHER POETICAL LETTER.

MISS CONSTANCE MEADOWS, with whose charming verses all magazine readers should be familiar, has just sent me a poem, which I am delighted to accept for my pages. Accompanying it was the following letter, which ought to have softened the heart of a far more stony-hearted editor than myself:

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE ROYAL MAGAZINE."

Although you're *very* hard to please,
With hope I send more verses—these—

They seem to me the sort you need,
I think they're *very* good indeed.

But what is one man's meat, I know
Is poison to another, so——

Enclosed—rejected should they be—
A stamped, addressed envel-o-pe.

THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

I WAS talking lately to a certain actor-manager who was bemoaning the fact that to-day he was no nearer gauging with any certainty the taste of the British Public than twenty years ago when he began producing plays. He might produce something which seemed to him to contain all the ingredients of a popular success, and have to take it off in a couple of weeks.

"At home," he went on, "I have at least a dozen plays in my desk. Personally I don't think they would ever bring in a fortune. So in my desk they remain until I am hard pressed for a play. Then I may be compelled to produce one. And I should be the last man in the world to express any surprise if it turned out a success."

I am in much the same position as that actor-manager. Broadly speaking, I know what the public want, but in detail I can never be sure. A series of articles or stories which seemed to me above criticism may not meet with applause, and something else that I accepted with a certain amount of doubt may set the Thames on fire. As we grow older we may grow wiser. But I doubt whether we shall ever be able to gauge with any certainty the taste of the British Public.

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